



The
Georgian









THE GEORGIAN
1989-90

ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

EDITOR: GORDON SMITH

"O.K. COME IN" *



No editor's write-up could be complete without a comment on our assembly announcements. To all those who participated: thanks. Ian's 'Ya boss' and Des's 'Hoss' will stay long in my memory, needless to say Andrew Bennett dancing to the HUSSLE shall ever be imprinted on my mind. To Garvin Tom, your many leading roles demonstrated to us your spirit and energy. Thanks also go to Daryl 'Super-Roadie/Technoner' Boyd and his techies for all their help.

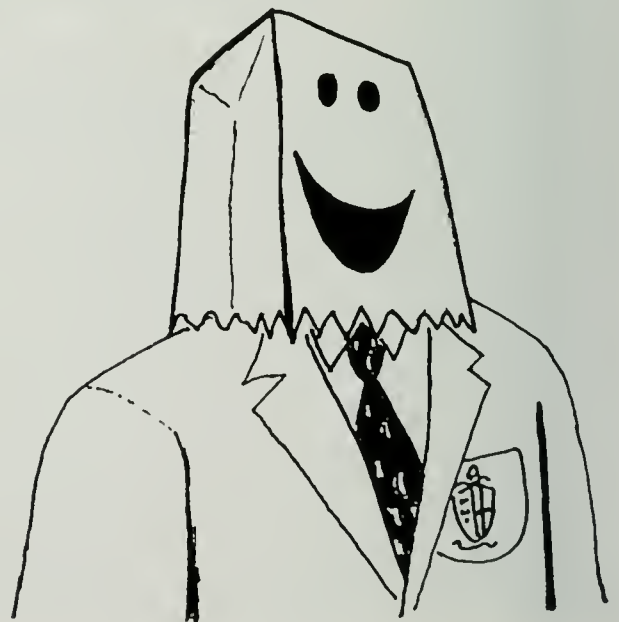
Yet I digress. It has been twenty years since the first publication of the Georgian, and so for us, this had to be a good one. This book is dedicated to the school, its faculty, and to all the boys who became men.

To my fellow graduating students, this is our yearbook. May it best represent your final year at St. George's College.

-- With love and respect
Gordon Smith

* -- Nigel Molesworth, Down with Skool.

When I was first asked to be editor of the yearbook, I had little idea of the herculean task that was before me. To anyone unfamiliar with the work involved in transforming a yearbook from page to print, it is an arduous process. It requires the hard work of copywriters, typists, layout-artisans, and editors. I must therefore commend anyone who has ever worked on a yearbook and the hell they will have gone through. I have to express my greatest respect for this year's yearbook staff, especially Garvin Tom, and Ian Bonnycastle who came out and worked, despite the constraints of a grade 13 schedule. With Andrew Bennet on Sales, and Tim Magee, Robin West and Christian Nordin, somehow we managed to create what you see before you. Rumour has it Geoff Browne is acting as a military advisor to the Khmer Rouge in their struggle against the evil Capitalist entity. However, if this yearbook is at all to be commended, it is due to the efforts of Mrs. McRory. Her work and toleration of my artistic endeavours kept us going despite our voyages into nostalgia and absurdity. This book is as much hers as it is ours, and I thank her.



NEW BOYS 1989-1990



HEADMASTER'S REPORT



It is my hope that this year's 'headmaster's report' will be accepted in the form of a re-cap of my comments at graduation and prize day last June 14. It's not that I'm trying to avoid being badgered by the hardworking yearbook staff, it's really a matter of repeating for posterity, the thoughts and emotions which went through my mind as I spoke to the graduating class, the rest of the students and the countless number of parents and relatives who were present.

"Not so long ago I talked to two headmasters of schools in Toronto, and each lamented about trying to figure out what they were going to say at their graduation ceremonies. They said they'd done it so many times, and wondered how they could find anything different to talk about. Maybe I'm a little strange, and certainly haven't given that many graduating speeches, but I find there's a tremendous amount to talk about - I just need to take a few minutes to think back on the things that have happened . . . and the people who are here at the school. Each year is different, because many of the people are different. There's a new set of grads, and 16 new boys in grade 4. To me, there's lots to talk or write about as I reminisce about these past few months. There's the barbecue for the new students . . . Father Peter's banana peeling production in the chapel and twice repeated bird splatting incident when he was a young priest . . . the concern about Diarmid Thomson falling in love with the 13 year old girl . . . the broken bones, casts on many of you, and the toothless grin of Matthew Norton . . . the under 13 basketball team coming in 2nd in a national tournament in Vancouver. I came to finally appreciate the Chris Yelle Schizophrenic dress code, blue blazer, neatly

done tie and grey flannels vs. the wild red and yellow knitted cap, madly flung scarf, floor length trench coat, and shoes he discovered in the lost, and never wanted to be found, discard pile.

Happily I saw the Manchester, Herron and Smith House murals become a reality for York and Canterbury.

This headmaster's closing speech will surely recall for the rest of my years the smiles of so many of the students - those wonderful grins which make others happy - the infectious grins of Kyle Roberts, Nick Zeibots, Michael Bardyn, Matthew Donald, Michael Kelly and Elliot Hughes . . . the warm smiles of the Neil Gilmers, the Bret Leech and Stephen Mitchells of this school. Oh that more of us could smile more often!

On the other hand, I can still see the more mischievous smiles - trouble lies just back of those smiles of Michael Collins, Lenny Foreht, Jacob Perlitz, Cam Sievert and Chris Warne.

Problems? Of course I had problems - one of them being the length of hair. The lines I got - "my girl friend loves running her fingers through my hair sir, if I have to cut it, she'll leave me" . . . or . . . "my mother likes my curly locks" . . . and the best of the year - "Sir, look what happened to Sampson when his hair was cut - he lost his manliness and strength"

Throughout my second year here at St. George's, I found that Charles Coristine never held back on coming into my office plunking himself down in front of my desk, and giving me ad-

vice as to how to run the school. Charles was a master of manipulation - knowing when to smile and when to scowl!

My supply of jelly beans, lollipops and other assorted goodies provided motivation for many Georgians to drop in and visit their headmaster - each strongly assuring me that it was me that attracted them - and not the candy. As I look back and think about the amount of candy consumed, John Damanis, Matthew Rubinoff, and Tufan Ugur obviously think I'm a pretty great guy.

I would ask that each one of you, individually, look back on events which provided you with good feelings when you'd gone home at night, crawled into bed and smiled to yourself thinking ... "Hey I did all right!" The athletic banquet; Oliver; debating tournaments; The Macey Pace/Hess Trio; house games; a higher mark than you've ever made; a great conversation with a teacher, as a person; taking prospective parents on a tour of the school; finding an ad for the yearbook; singing well at a concert or in chapel; expressing your own personal views in "open pulpit"; asking a provocative and challenging question of Canada's Minister of Finance; scoring a basket for the first time in your life; hitting a ball far enough to even go through a chapel window ... and that's distance I'm talking about, not destruction. And then there's the nice feelings you got when you did well in class. There's the feeling Garvin Tom would have had while leading a cooking class in assembly; or the guys in 8H watching their headmaster sliding down a snowy hill in an inner tube at Norval.

There was of course the momentous occasion at SGC when the sod turning took place to announce the arrival of that 5 ton fountain for the front lawn of See House ... only to be lost and smashed in an accident on the Queen Elizabeth Way. And Mr. Demierre's hosting of a bus load of girls from Havergal who took off the afternoon to witness a performance of Beowulf ... yes, the buses were hired at great expense to the school ... the girls were well primed about the performance ... Ketchum Hall was packed. It was a full production - 8 minutes! This was followed by a question and answer period - 3 minutes! And of course there's the dragon slayer award in the junior school. Many happy and worthy recipients!

Lots of fun memories. And so it's easy to write a speech ... and one which Mr. Pengelly will probably comment on tomorrow - "much too long - sir!"

I must say that some of this address was written not by me, but by many of the grade 11 and 12 students, when I asked them to write down a response to the question ... "anticipate your 50th birthday. A dinner is being held in your honour, and your best friend is toasting you - as he reflects back on the past years, what words describing you would be the most rewarding?"

Their responses truly form the base of a message I would like to leave with you today, and it applies not only to students, but

staff and parents. What do you really want people to think of you and say about you at college ... back at St. George's next year ... at your office, in your home? "He helped other people". "He's one of the most sincere and caring persons I know". "He's like a brother to me". He's a good person who respects others". "He made the most of his years". "He always tried to do his best". "He's understanding, a caring guy who always had time for his friends". "He's a humorous, trustworthy gentleman". "You are the nicest, kindest guy I know". "He cares, and he keeps his word". "He's insane, he loved life, and I love him". What great thoughts - what great words! Certainly the kind of thoughts I would hope someone would say about me in my future years.

To some of you guys, life seems to be so long. Let me assure you - it isn't. Think of the cemeteries filled with the memories of people who died so many years ago. Think even of the universe, and the hugeness of it ... and the smallness of us. You and I have so little time to make an impression ... to leave our mark ... to do something which will mean something to those who surely will talk about us, one way or another.

So here's my message. Each one of you - look into yourself ... not the guy next to you ... but just *you*. What will you do this summer ... on your family trip ... at camp ... at the cottage with other friends ... at your summer job, to live up to some of those ideals that the grade 11 and 12 guys expressed? Will you help someone, either a friend or a total stranger? Will you be a sincere person? Will you really care about someone? Will you do your best? Will you try to become more understanding of the funny little quirks and different views of others? Will you have fun? Fun in life - without hurting anyone? Will you be trusted? Will you be a gentleman? Will you keep your word? Will you love others - or more importantly - will you love yourself? Will you become a person who will be proud of you?

I close by switching my attention to the 29 young men who are now saying good-bye to St. George's. 29 young men who are getting ready to step on the next plateau of their lives. I know that everyone wishes you well, and so all I can say is ... thank you gentlemen. Thank you for what you gave to St. George's. Thank you for what you gave to your teachers. Thank you for giving yourselves so happily to all of the younger guys you leave behind. And thank you for the warmth, the fun, the friendship which you gave to this headmaster. Please don't forget us - and please don't forget those in your family who lovingly believe so strongly in you that they invested in you. I'm sure that investment will pay great dividends when you continue to be successful - and above all, if you're happy. You are no longer the little boys loved by your moms and dads. You are now the young men - still loved by your moms and dads - who have a great future in front of you.

Be Happy.
Good Luck.

John R. Latimer

THE SENIOR SCHOOL REPORT



Historians will reflect on the international events that have transpired this year and only with the passage of time can the magnitude of changes be evaluated. We have witnessed the political shifts in Europe as "states" declared their independence. And the reunification of Germany is proceeding at a pace scarcely imagined possible. Burned forever in our minds are the images of the Berlin Wall falling, ecstatic individuals streaming onto territory once guarded so closely, and people chipping away at the wall and carrying off little chunks as physical reminders of oppression and its release. The global environmental climate continued to change. Desert formation seems to be accelerating; famine continues to be a major disaster in Ethiopia and the Sudan.

At home, we struggled with our constitution. The Meech Lake Accord attempted to bring Quebec back into the confederation. The country held its collective breath as the ratification deadline drew closer. The conference of First Ministers focused our attention on the issues which threaten to divide us and yet serve as essential cornerstones upon which our nation was founded. Again historians will be left the task of analyzing the chain of events which led to the collapse of the Accord; they will determine how this event changed the direction and make-up of Canada and will assess the individual roles played by Canadians.

Toronto argued over the submission of a bid to host the Olympics; struggled with the growing problems of pollution, land fill sites and the homeless; and experienced an escalation of racial tensions.

St. George's College celebrated its 25th anniversary, held its first Gala Dinner and Dance, struggled with the arrangements re the site of the future College, underwent an external evaluation by the Canadian Educational Standards Institute (CESI) of which St. George's is a founding member, and

graduated 29 scholars from high school.

Yet all these global and local events may not compare in magnitude or future influence with the development witnessed within our student body. Each student analyzed himself, articulated his own character and probed his interactions with his peers. There were many academic assignments, tests and examinations; intramural and extramural athletic pursuits; artistic endeavours such as musicals, plays, concerts, and art shows and many social opportunities such as group work or assignments, trips away from the school (Ottawa, Quebec, Bolton, Boston). The benefits derived from these developments will be expressed in countless deeds and achievements in the years to come. So many students have met the challenges so well!

It is the little isolated occurrences which I will treasure. The concerns and compliments directed through me by parents and students led to many memorable conversations. To highlight what is really important, I would like to describe one of those conversations. It was nearing the final examination in the Finite Mathematics course. I was working with a small group of students: they were addressing questions with which they had struggled during their exam preparations. After we had explored a few solutions, a particular student set down his pencil and announced "This is the first time that I have ever done every question in the textbook". A small statement, delivered with sincerity and pride, and yet it spoke in volumes. In the process of challenging this course, the students established new personal milestones and developed pride and self-confidence within himself.

Let us continue to watch history unfold on the global scale, to take notice of the social events as they occur in our metropolitan scale and to challenge ourselves to create personal history which will guide us in future decisions.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT



I have recently read a book entitled 'All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten' by Robert Fulghum and, as a result, I started thinking about some of the basic ideas in education.

New techniques and theories are generated faster than one has time to judge efficiency. Each comes with its own specialized jargon designed, one supposes, to clarify and identify, but in reality it succeeds only in excluding those who have not been quick enough to pick them up. Surrounded by such things as quality circles, process evolution, precision teaching, information transference techniques, etc., I have come to believe that very little new is being produced; much of it is a re-hash of basic truths that have existed for some time. Dr. Jack Wright, the first Headmaster of St. George's, neatly summed up one of the most prevailing theories by saying 'every teacher is an English teacher'. While it is quite true that the actual learning process in academics is important and needs to be regularly assessed, it is equally true that many of those items first taught in Kindergarten are those things that allow us to live in harmony with each other and with the environment.

Important lessons of Kindergarten include:

Put things back where you found them.
Share.
Don't take things that are not yours.
Play Fair.
Co-operate.
Clean up your own mess.
Say you're sorry when you hurt someone.
When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together.
Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you.
Live a balanced life: learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and take a nap every afternoon.

I am not in any way trying to downplay the importance of academic pursuit, but sometimes it is necessary to keep it all in perspective.

Andrew Barlow, Principal
Junior School

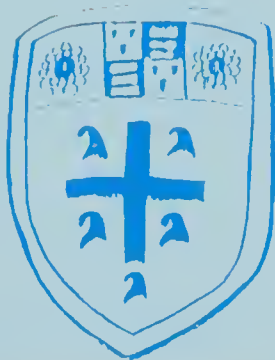
CANTERBURY HOUSE



Although Canterbury came close this year, we had the championship grabbed away from us by the pinko communist, slime-sucking, dirty, underhanded, cheating, and yes, of course, ugly faction of our great school. Westminster. The other houses were no problem to decimate, as our superior athletic and intellectual skills shone through on the field of battle. Quite frankly, the only reason we didn't win over all is because we couldn't stand to see Blake cry. Anyway, it was a great year with Cant house spirit higher than ever, and a will to win unlike this school has ever had the privilege of seeing. I sincerely hope that this trend continues next year under the expert leadership of Dave (the duke) Armstrong. My thanks to all of the elite members of Canterbury house, but especially to Scott Herron, and Gordon Smith, who did more behind the scenes and in the open, than anyone can appreciate. Thanks guys. Thanks everyone.

Desmond von Teichman
Canterbury House captain 89/90

WESTMINSTER HOUSE



Well the year has ended and only one house could come out on top; who could have guessed it was going to be West. It took approximately seven years to complete this task, and let me tell you victory has never tasted so GOOD! The main reasons for this incredible feat lie within the personalities of the other three house captains. As for the house captain of West it had nothing to do with his personality, but rather a longing every Wester possessed to climb out of the gutter and recapture the house trophy. The other main reason for Westminster's victory is due to the fact I did not weigh more than 250 pounds, I was taller than 5'4, and mostly because we all realized that if you play an instrument you belong in the gutter! Isn't that right Winchester? Well thanks a lot guys for a great year, thanks Jamie for being the best assistant house captain and mostly for protecting me from Big Des, and thanks to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hutch for all the spirit you provided, and of course thanks to all the Westers who made my dream of capturing the house trophy a REALITY.

Blake Turvey

WINCHESTER HOUSE



Top ten reasons why Winch. didn't win this year"

1. It was a rebuilding year.
2. It was getting boring winning all the time
3. We already know we're the best.
4. Hey, we're all in the band, what did you expect?
5. We felt sorry for Blake.
6. Our horoscope said that moon was rising in Neptune, bad karma for winning.
7. The other houses cheated.
8. We cheated.
9. We were a strong, vibrant, dynamic team. Our offense was good, our defense was strong, we just couldn't make the points.
10. We really wanted to see how big Blake's ego is.

Thanks guys for a good year.
Best Wishes, Nick.



YORK HOUSE



What was rightfully ours has been stolen! For one of the first times the best house did not reign supreme! Victory was robbed from us in one of the best years of contests St. George's has ever seen. The battles were long and hard and in many individual toils York did come out best. Both Junior and Senior Cross-Country meets and the Senior School Swim Meet were won. So what happened? No one knows. Was it rigged? Did Blake pay off André? I doubt it. Did Des eat the scoresheets? He could have, but still doubtful. So what did happen? We gave it our best, our spirit was better than the rest and that's what counts, damn it! In the future there will be a blue wave that washes over the world giving all that is useless a purpose, and that will be you guys on York. We've all had a great year. Thanks and keep up the spirit.

Mark Thompson
York House, 1989-1990







STAFF - STUDENT

GRADS 90



Mark Atkinson



Ian Bonnycastle



Douglas Bowlby



André Brewster



Geoffrey Browne



Alex Cann



Martin Cheang



Timothy Chow



Adrian Colussi



Charles Corstine



Scott Herron



Kevin Howey



Brandon Loughridge



Warren Lyon



Michael Manchester



Jamie Peters



John Rae



Christopher Sievert



Richard Skippon



Gordon Smith



Jason Start



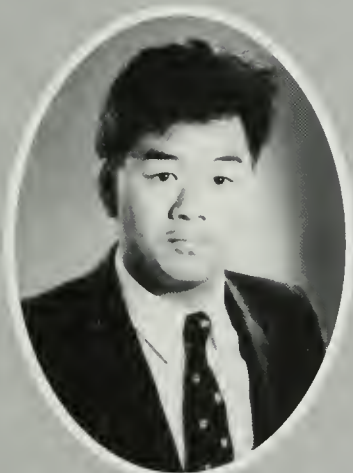
Jeremy Thomas



Mark Thompson



Diarmid Thomson



Garvin Tom



Blake Turvey



Desmond von Teichman



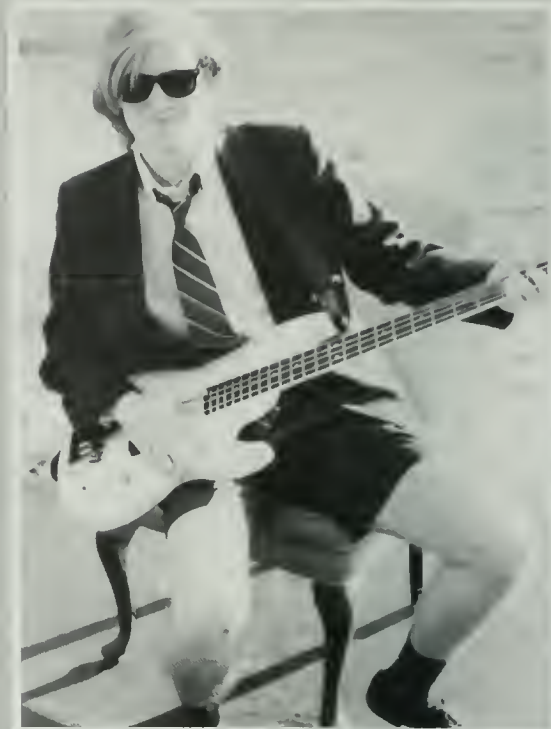
Chris Yelle



Nick Zeibots



Michael Manchester 1984-1990
 The time to move on is getting near
 I hold my time at S.G.C. dear.
 Great Friends, great times, great memories
 I will forever look fondly back on these.



Gordon Smith 1983-1990
 Confucius say: man who throw dirt, lose ground.
 Desire for nothing except desirelessness.
 Hope for nothing except to rise above all hopes.
 Want nothing and you will have everything.
 Down with the ushers. Let honest school boys prevail.
 Masters Unfair to Molesworth. Chiz. Thank you - Herb,
 J.D.A., Mr. Smith, Mr. Hols, Dr. S., Fr. M., McMaster,
 J.R.L., and Brother Love. God Bless, Motor City Smitty.



Desmond von Teichman 1982-1990
 Ski Team, Prefect. Swim Team, Cant. House Captain.
 Memories: The Scottish /89. Party of the Trans-Canada,
 Tuesday Fiesta, jokes, yet another Havergal party, Ski
 Team Busses??, the 'Ski Team Survival' Race, 'Brother
 Love', Hurricanes, and the Lounge. Thanks SGC, Mom
 and Dad, Matt, Andy and Mike and all my friends for
 making my 8 years at SGC the best of my life. 'Those
 who say you can't have everything in life never tried.



Timothy Chow 1988-1990
 My impressions of St. George's: was small, still small but believe me it will be big
 Thanks to Mr. Love and Mr. Pengelly for university information. Mr. Cooper do you wan
 to have another lunch in Chinatown sometime? And especially Mrs. Miller.



Mark Thompson 1984-1990

Enough time's a wasting. A toast, well here's to life and here's to me and here's to you guys at S.G.C. You know who's number 1. For the times; under the stage in Montreal!?, The sweet smell of victory and the brutal force of the machine! Zebra stripes & yes a picture too! The 4-sided pyramid and the Star Spangled Banner', hey where are my pants? 'That's pretty cool man!' American Standard printed on my forehead. Life in the fast lane just means being passed on the right. Curfews at Branksome 10 more hours till Midland, yea! Blake, Al, Chris & Mike, GQ lives. Football in the park. I guess you had to be there. Who cares its almost Friday. Math with Nak and lunch with Andrew. 'Swell and remember' 'Never put ketchup on a hot dog'.



Richard Skippon 1986-1990

The experiences and memories will last forever. Thanks S.G.C. and 4 incredible years.



Warren Lyons 1989-1990

Hello! How are you? My name is Warren. What's yours? Don't worry, I don't mind if you stare. You probably can't believe it is me, but it is! This was me at the beginning of my academic career and now I'm at the end. Thank you St. George's for making the end as memorable as the beginning. I leave a special thanks to G. Love, R. Nakatsu, C. D'Arcy, M. Pengelly, E. Timm, M. Coutts, P. Skalinski, J. Kerr and of course Mr. Latimer. I leave you with a poem:

Star fish and coffee
Maple syrup and jam
Butterscotch toast
Tangerine, side order of ham.
If you set your mind free
Baby, maybe you'll understand.



Alex Cann 1984-1990

Thank you to everyone. I really can't say anything that hasn't already been said for me.



Scott Herron (Scootie McPhee) 1986-1990

Thanx Mom and Dad for all the love and support. Memories: Ski Team - best Tues. of my life - Sr. A#1 Party of the Trans Canada - Thanks Jamie. Mte. St. Anne with Mo - New Year's 89-90. Wood Gundy 89 - Thanks everybody on 43. Thanks to: LBF, AW, SV, RS, RA, KR, DUT, JP and A,B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O,P,Q,R,S,T,U,V,W,X,Y,Z. (If I forgot you, circle your initials). Bob and Nat, 2 of the best. And Monique, thank you Mo, and remember to smile and be happy always, love ya. 'Learn some, think, draw, paint, sing and dance some and work and play some everyday - Live a balanced life, and out in the world, lookout for traffic, hold hands and stick together. - Robert Fogholm. 'Life I love you...all is groovy!



Doug Bowlby 1984-1990

'The philosophers have only interpreted the world: the thing, however, is to change it.' Too many great memories to list. It's been a blast. Timidity is frowned upon, bold is the word for fall! Thanks to all my teachers and friends at S.G.C. for 6 unforgettable years!



Jeremy Thomas 1984-1990

Thanks to the past.
Here's to the future.
Get a Job? NA Get a tan!



Andre Brewster 1988-1990

To Chris: For the last time, I do not look like Buckwheat in this picture? To Blake: What's wrong with Bramalea? To Des and Diarmid: Guys and Dolls was a blast! To Jason: I don't think being a sports captain should be this much fun. To Mark: Once a Yorkman, always a Yorkman. To Nick: Kenny Rogers, The Gambler, here, now, let's do it! To Doug: Aahhh ... triple spare!! To Richard: What exactly is your job? To Chris: Where and when is debating? To Mr. D'Arcy: No, my Mom does not look like Diana Ross. To Georgian friends and staff, thanks for the many years.



Geoffrey Browne 1984-1990

"I think we ought to read only the kind of books that wound and stab us... We need the books that affect us like a disaster, that grieve us deeply, like the death of someone we loved more than ourselves, like being banished into a forest far from everyone, like a suicide. A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us." - Franz Kafka "I must not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it is gone, I will turn the inner eye to see it's path. Where the fear is gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain." - Bene Gesserit Litany Against Fear For all that St. George's has given me: 3 senior and 2 junior school musicals, debating skills, a love of film, music, literature, theatre, and art. Friends, memories, self-confidence, and a place to learn about myself and my world, for all these and more. I thank you.



Mark Atkinson 1984-1990

Memories: Mte. Ste. Anne, Hockey and Baseball teams, The Blue Celler, History with Tom Cruise, Ottawa trip, Physics with Rod, Harrogate, Neil's basement with the Aristocrat, music with Mr. Martin and my Oldsmobile Delta 88 four door sedan. Special thanks to Chuck, Neil, and Stu for making my years at SGC memorable, and also to the rest of my friends.



Charles Coristine 1981-1990

His face turned towards the light, a tear trickled out of his eyes
Life was a confused state, a state where life was living
What had happened to the smiles, that once so proudly appeared
What had happened to the laughter, that was once so softly heard.

He turned reaching to find an answer, there was darkness.
He turned again to find his faith and there was rain.
The rain stopped, but the clouds didn't go away.
He looked in the distance, he could see the answer
the answer was in the light, a light that was blinding.
How am I going to find it with my eyes closed, he asked himself?

Then only did he realize that be closing his eyes, he had found the answer.
He told him to close his eyes and then the clouds did roll away and the light did appear, and that light was shining very bright. Thanx St. George's for the confidence!



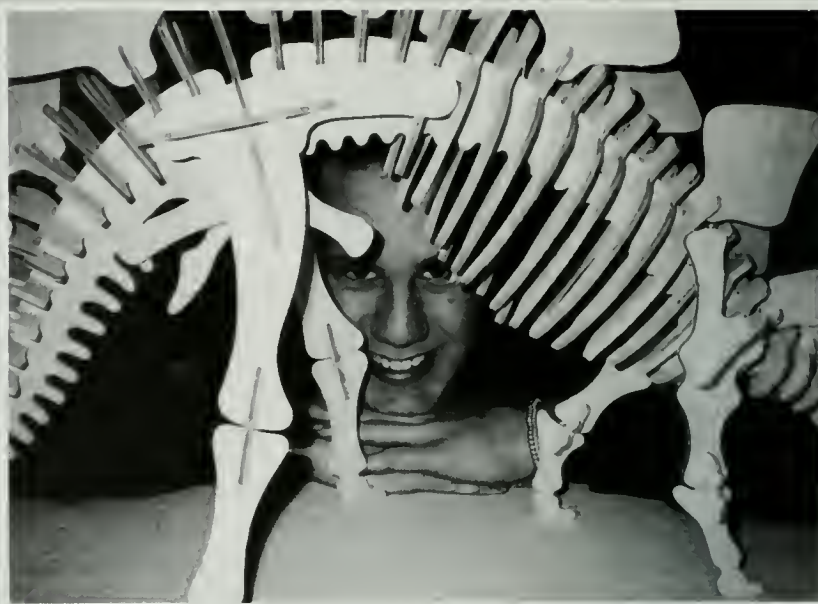
Diarmid Thomson 1983-1990

6 years at this school. Thanks Mom, Dad and Bob for the support. Teams: U16 Soccer, U-16 Tennis, 1st Soccer, 1st Tennis. Memories: Halifax soccer trip 1988 - Quick guys, underneath the freezer! Montreal soccer trip 1989 - Do you want a Pepsi? Thanks JA and CY for the good times at my place, at your place and the Duke! Thanks to all the Prefects for making the year great and putting up with my tone deaf voice! Hey, what's wrong with the Dead. Their not that old! Kingswood 87 and Buffalo 89. J.A. that's what it is about. A man is just a man, Playing in the band. -The Dead



Jamie Peters 1981-1990

Ski Team, Swim Team, Choir (2 tours), West. Memories: Party on the Trans-Canada, Stella, B-Day (they never got me!), the Prefect Room, Time's on my side, Webster, 'Hey Fatman', Brother Love, 'Chapel?', Hurricanes, Mr. T., Mafia Party, Q: 'Where's Jamie?' A: 'Find Des'. 'You can't control an independant heart.' Thanks SGC, Mom, Dad, K & T.



Ian Bonneycastle 1985-1990

Remembering the T.T.C. 4 years with Mr. D'Arcy. ... Another day in paradise. Enough Ottawa already? It is easier to pass a camel through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to pass through the kingdom of God.



Brandon Loughridge 1986-1990

'It's not the size of the ship' it's the size of the waves'. - Little Richard. Thanks a lot SGC for all of the great memories. Hockey, spares, calculus, Buffalo and Mr. Love. Also many thanks to my parents. 'There is nothing more sad or glorious than generations changing hands.' John Mellencamp



Chris Yelle 1981-1990

Wow, it's actually over. Believe me it's hard to imagine. How many years has it been? 1, 2, 3,... quite a few anyway. They should change the school motto to: Travel the Globe with S.G.C. in cassock, skiis and underwear. Italy, France, Germany, Chustria, Quebec, Holland and of course Egypt. To all the grads and the rest of you, but especially to: Diarmid, Johnny A and Johnny Rea, Jase, Blake, Adrian, Nick, Chuck, Andre, Des, Andy, Skippy, Doug, and Mark (in no particular order). Make new friends but keep the old, It's going to be strange without you guys. Thanx Mom.



John 'Sugar'/'Garbage' Rea 1980-1990

I think of my 10 years at S.G.C. as a solid investment in my future. If I didn't, my parents would kill me! Dunk Basketball, Nak Volleyball, Birkett Italy, St. Anne, Semis, Blue Celler, Annex Billiards. Jenna's got a gun... "The Lord giveth, and he keep on giveth." The Kids are alright. so tough he'd pick the booger's out of a dead man's nose and ask for seconds.'



Blake Turvey 1984-1990

What can I say! S.G.C. has given me the best years of my young life, but I'm not going to bore you by going into details. Thanks S.G.C. and friends who made my life so exhilarating. Keep up the spirit boys! In the past there was only 1 - WEST. We slipped a bit, but only to leave room for improvement. 'Dumbo can fly, so why can't I.' -Ultimate Blakester



Nick Zeibots 1986-1990

Wierd name, huh? The best 11 things in Grade 13: 4 spares a day, sleep, the Prefect Room, no Geo. classes, not going to Night School, sleep, THE COLT, June 14 Macmillan Theatre, The Pistons, the (well there always next year) Volleyball team, no more of Mr. Nak's Basketball practices. It's been an excellent time SGCI! - The Zibits



Garvin Tom 1984-1990

Thanks S.G.C. for the past 6 years. The fondest memories I will have are the teachers. Mr. D'Arcy - The Computer / Calculus God, Mr. Wilson - The Master of the Neckties, Dr. Barlow - Will he ever smile? Mr. Stevenson - Herbie Lives, And to the other teachers - Who says education is fun. Despite that I still had a good time and learned a lot.



Kevin Howey 1988-1990

I've been at SGC for two years, and they have been great. Lots of time spent in the infamous Grade 13 room, playing baseball and hockey, while listening to the 'Boom Box'. Who could forget the trips to Aurora and Kilcoo?

Famous Quotes:

'Top of the morning gentlemen. Deblazer if you wish. Any problems with the homework?' - Mr. Pengelly

'The Giants will go all the way this year' - Mr. Love

'Free-writing, guys it's the only way to go' - Mr. Timm

'You're just a kid and you need to grow' - Rob Base

Thanx for a great time. Party up you 'Little Girllys'



Adrian Colussi 1982-1990

I killed it, just as I have killed everything else. The killing will stop, and mutate to control and domination, manipulation through superiority. I tell you this, the madman is after the prophet of his own destiny.



Chris Sievert 1981-1990

After nine years of trying to think of something to say here. I can't find any quotes, or think of any memorable times that haven't already been said.

Thanks to my family. Matthew, Jeremy, Mark, Blake and Alex. Wanna go for a but? Good luck.



Jason Start 1982-1990

PREFECTS 1989-1990



Back row: John Rea, Desmond von Teichman, Mark Thompson, Nick Zeibots.
Middle row: Diarmid Thomson, Chris Yelle (Head Prefect), Jason Start, Richard Skippon.
Front row: Christopher Sievert, Doug Bowlby, André Brewster, Blake Turvey.

As I write this, we have all graduated and most of us have gotten into the universities we tried so desperately to get into. At this point, everything is a memory - a good memory.

I look back at the first 'Prefect meeting' with Mr. Latimer months before school started. I remember the empty prefect room. I laugh at all the jokes we had about each other, and at all the good times we shared in the prefect room and on the weekends.

Everyone did an incredible job. They loved the school and changed it into something special - Congratulations!! The house prefects were outstanding. Diarmid and Jason with

their 'connections' made the formal and the dance memorable. Chris Sievert was our Junior School prefect and also headed our debating team in the school. Doug made sure we always had enough money for the prefect breakfasts with the girls' schools. Richard made sure the prefect room was clean (just kidding). I made sure everyone was happy and doing their job. I also made it a rule to eat most of Mr. Latimer's candies and keep him informed on all the school gossip.

I wish next year's prefects the best of luck. May they be as proud to be prefects next year as we all were this past year.

FACULTY



I may not know much, but I'm damned good at football.



You know, I could go for a cream filled donut now.



You may think I'm soft, but I'm hard, damned hard.



Do you think I look better in green?



Hey you guys, that's a funny one.



Ninja III, The Domination.



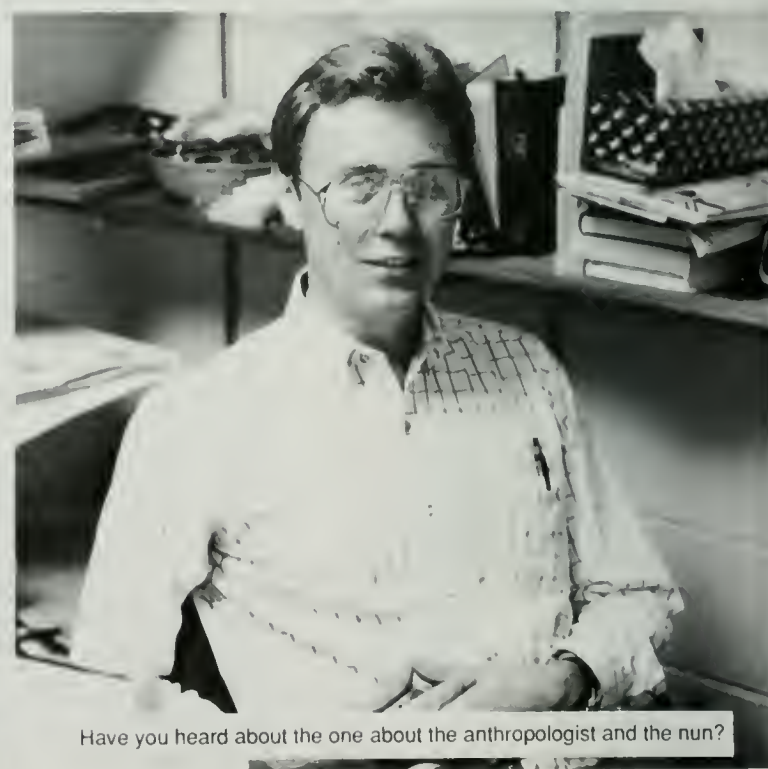
Ho! Ho! Ho! #@~#*%#!\$



Look'n for love in all the wrong places.



Red Storm Rising.



Have you heard about the one about the anthropologist and the nun?



Just a minute, I only have 120 photocopies to go.



BORN TO BE WILD!!!



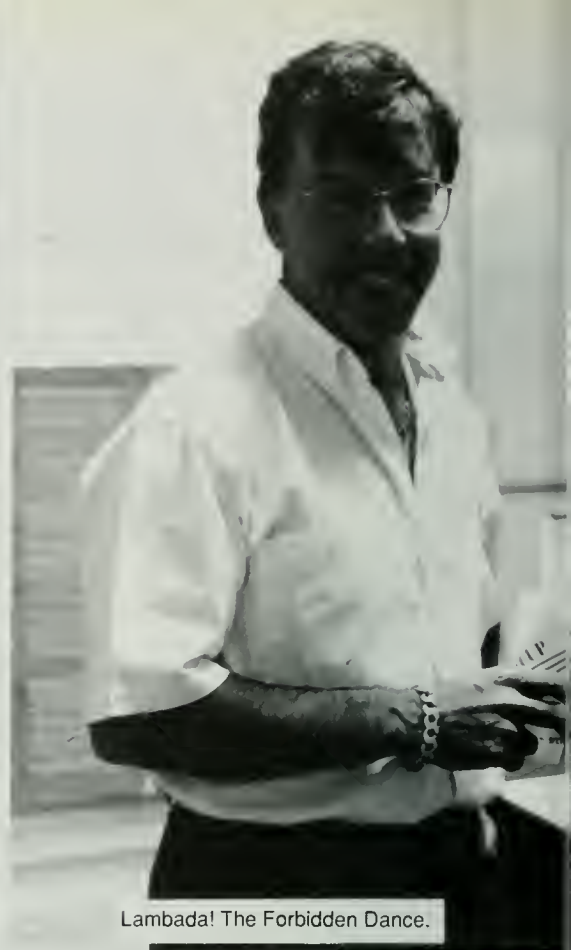
Another great German blimp.



The boys all look at me as a friend.



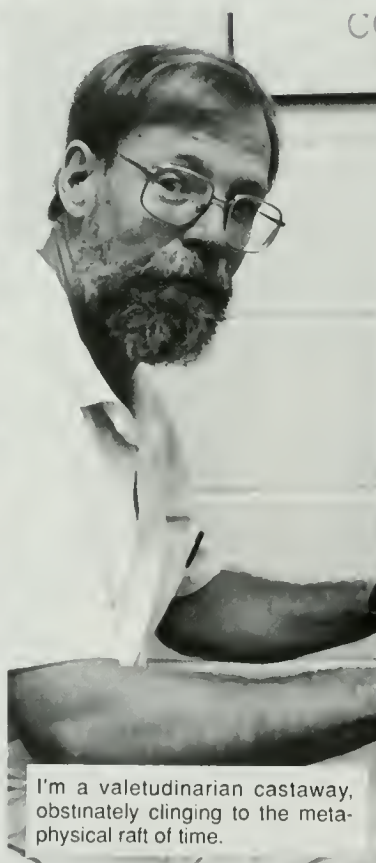
Tastes Great! Less Filling!



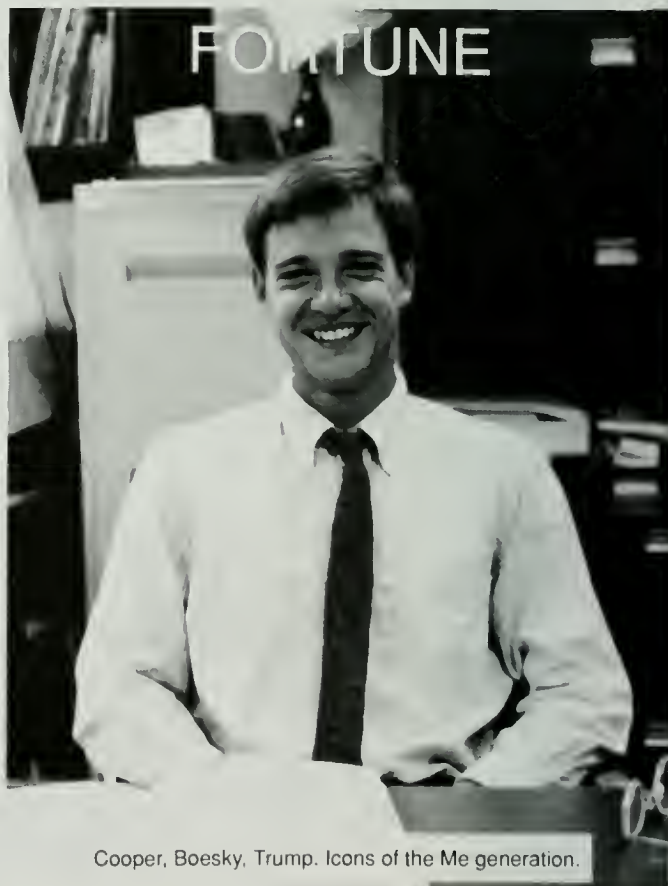
Lambada! The Forbidden Dance.



The Little Garden Gnome.



I'm a valetudinarian castaway, obstinately clinging to the metaphysical raft of time.



Cooper, Boesky, Trump. Icons of the Me generation.



I am ... DEREK!



When Moses was in Egypt's Land ...



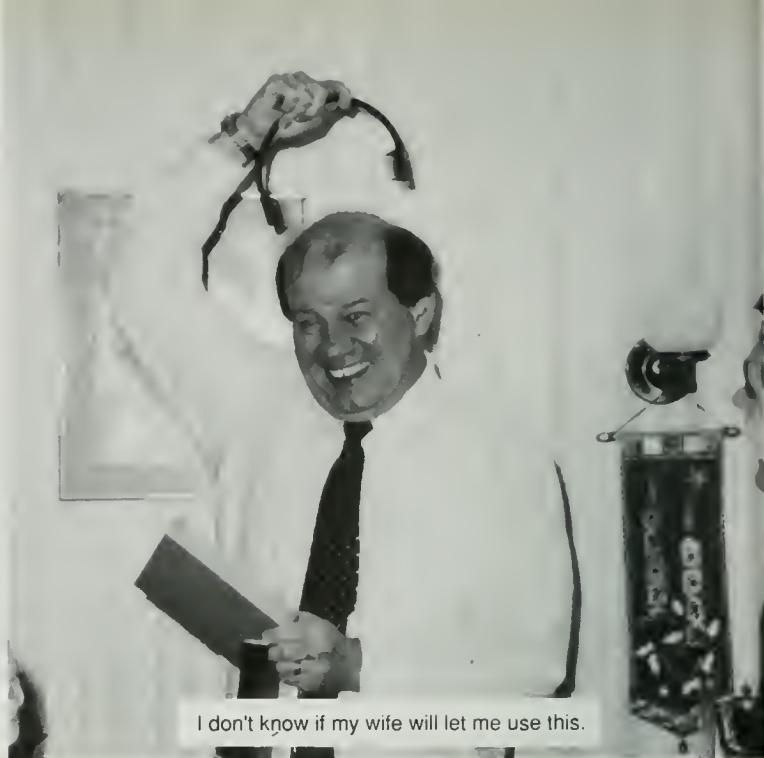
Magnum P.I.



So remember kiddies, when the big hand is on the four ...



The Lakehead is calling YES?!?!



I don't know if my wife will let me use this.



The Lady Blues can beat anybody.



'Who is dis Balki guy anyway?'



Flourescent light I find to be thaumaturgic and makes the boys uneces-
sarily hyperactive.



I think of pottery as more than an art form, but as a way of life.



'Cause we are livin' in a material world, and I am a material ...



At St. George's, we are not only educating young men, we are making
'happy campers'.

THEM



Back row: Fr. P. Hill, Mr. D. Hutchison, Mr. E. Timm, Mr. D. Demierre, Mr. W. Schreiner, Mr. R. Holdsworth, Mr. W. Dunkley, Mr. C. D'Arcy.
 Fourth row: Mr. G. Seddon, Mrs. E. Miller, Mr. N. Morgan, Mr. J. Birkett, Mr. G. Martin, Mr. J. Keenan, Mr. D. Rankin, Mr. B. Pederson.
 Third row: Mr. E. Grant, Mr. J. Leatch, Mr. R. Turvey, Mrs. A. Foster, Mrs. T. Grieve, Mrs. P. Keresteci, Mrs. P. McRory, Mr. M. Devereaux, Mr. E. Nobbs.
 Second row: Mr. A. Cooper, Mr. M. Ackley, Mr. W. McElroy, Mr. M. Coutts, Dr. P. Skalski, Mrs. K. Brethour, Mrs. S. Skinner, Ms. A. Chan, Mr. G. Paulin.
 Front row: Mr. B. Bentley, Mr. R. Nakatsu, Mr. M. Pengelly, Mr. J. Latimer, Dr. A. Barlow, Mr. D. McMaster, Mr. G. Love.

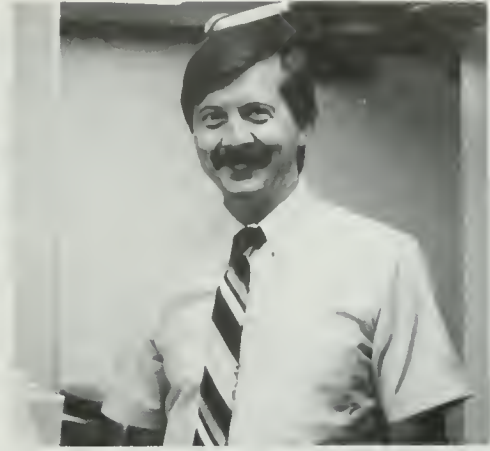
SUPPORT STAFF



Mr. B. Bentley



Mrs. S. Skinner



Mr. M. Devereaux



Mrs. A. Foster, Mrs. P. Keresteci, Mrs. K. Brethour.



Mr. E. Grant



Mrs. D. Ortiz, Mr. K. Trembley, Mr. G. Seddon, Mr. E. Nobes.



Mr. R. Bubba, Mr. L. Lewis.

FINANCE MINISTER VISITS S.G.C.



This spring, St. George's had the pleasure of entertaining federal Finance Minister Michael Wilson for a morning of discussion and questions.

After speaking with the students of the Junior School, Mr. Wilson then had an hour long question and answer period with students of Mr. Cooper's business and economics courses. Such topics of interest as the GST and the Bank of Canada's interest cutting policies were raised. Mr. Wilson informed us politely, but directly, of his government's stance on these issues. Mr. Cooper's criticisms of Mr. Wilson's deficit cutting policies resulted in colourful discourse, however Mr. Cooper defends, still today, his belief in Coopernomics. We thank Mr. Wilson for taking the time out of his busy schedule to meet with us. We wish him well on his future endeavours on Bay Street.



GOVERNOR SIMCOE VISITS S.G.C.



Dear Governor Simcoe,

Thank you for visiting us, it was really neat. Your clothes looked really heavy, and I liked your hat. It was interesting to learn about Toronto 200 years ago. You must be really old to be still around here. It was fun to talk to you. Thanks again for dropping by.

Yours Sincerely,
Students of the Jr. School





SENIOR SCHOOL

GRADE 12-D



Back row: Mr. McMaster, Andrew Hurst, John Atkinson, Sam Monardo, Matt Norton, Andrew Bennett, Stuart Warren, Mike Manchester, Kyle Roberts.
Front row: Nariman Amin, Rory Gilfillan, Patrick McGlogan, Mark Atkins, Martin Shaw, Christopher Wheeler, Neil Freiberg.

One spring day, the pupil met the teacher walking among the trees and flowers in the garden.

In earnest, the student asked 'Master, what is Zen?'

The teacher sagaciously responded by taking off his sandal, placing it on his head, and walking away.

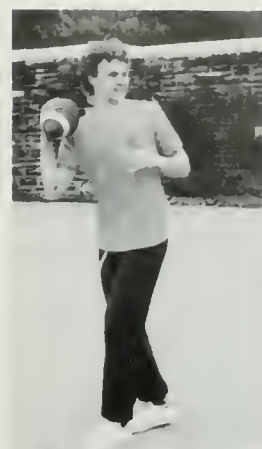
- Yu-Dom-Fu

He looked stunning in his polyester leisure suit, his hair freshly permed, his manliness emanated across the dance floor. Then he saw HER! She was everything he always wanted in a woman - her hair, her eyes, and great assets. He caught her eye and smiled in that turned up snarl that drove women wild with passion and thoughts of experimentation. He hustled across the smoked filled room, the light dazzling in his eyes.

His body rhythmically moved to the strains of Earth, Wind, and Fire's 'Boogie Wonderland'. He shimmied up to her and in that sexy nasal voice of his said 'Hi, call me Rod!'

What followed next was the ritualistic mating dances to the steady rhythm of the Bee-Gees and K.C. and the Sunshine Band. He was divine, he was an artist, he had nice slacks. She tantalized him with her demonstrations of Newton's Laws of Motion. He wanted nothing more than to prove the Inverse Square Law with her. Yet when all seemed right, she was suddenly swept away by a man in a sheer pink lame lab coat and gold chains who promised her an intimate rendez-vous for two in the darkroom. The last he saw of this vision of loveliness was her flowing hair and her ecstatic cries of potential differentiation.

- Samuel P. Bazooka



GRADE 11-K



Back row: James MacFarlane, Jamie Collins, Geoff Stewart, Chris Ross, Tim Stewart, Matthew Teichman, Neal Gilmer, Peter Jackson.
 Middle row: Mr. Keenan, Robin Brown, Justin Olds, David Schmid, Pradhan Prabhakara, Craig Sayers, Anthony D'Arcy, David Armstrong, Ryan Benson.
 Front Row: Vitas Sipelis, Robert Wearing, Geoffrey Beers, Dean Davis, Jeff Butler, Michael Blanchette, Jason Neubauer.



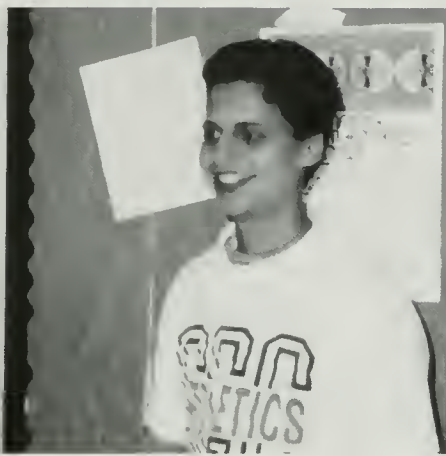


GRADE 11-H



Back row: Carl Schroeder, Mark Rosen, Mark Neysmith, Jonathon Arscott, Ricardo Nevarez, Tim Corlis.
 Middle row: Michael Szummer, Neil Hetherington, Mark Schatzker, Tim Stewart, Marcus Andrews, Jeremy Daly, Bret Leech, Mr. Holdsworth.
 Front row: Jeremy Caplan, Peter Gerulath, Stephen Wall, Tyson Bendry, Nigel Ryce, John Stein, Indranil Bhattacharya.





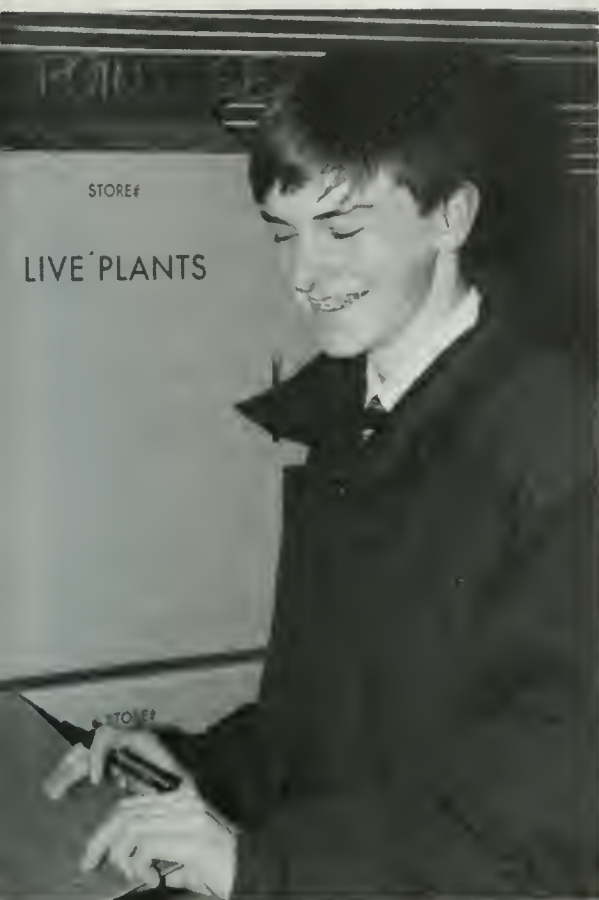
GRADE 10-R



Back row: Daryl Boyd, Michael Lumbers, Daragh Sankey, Adam Burk, Bruce Sinclair, Brendan Dolan, Roger Park.
 Middle row: Mr. Rankin, Camel Pirbhai-Kassam, Leonard Foreht, Michael Trecieski, Chris Godden, Chris Watchorn, Peter Andras.
 Front row: Karim Rajani, Ryan Monaghan, Dan Tecimer, Mike Collins, Nicholas McCabe.

Peter Andras 'I'm a BUD man'
 Daryl Boyd 'I don't know'
 Adam Burk 'Root the bird'
 Michael Collins 'UHFFF'
 Brendan Dolan 'If it feels nice, don't think twice'
 Leonard Foreht 'Your mother sucks eggs'
 Chris Godden 'Which way is UP?'
 Andrew King 'Fair Dinkum, I need a root'
 Duane Lee 'Silence is the way of the world'
 Michael Lumbers 'King Diamond is God'
 Nicholas McCabe 'Hello'

Ryan Monaghan 'Imagination may be the key, but there is not always a door'
 Roger Park 'Organization is the key to success'
 Camel Pirbhai-Kassam 'They spelt my name wrong'
 Karim Rajani 'Give me a couple of days, I'll get it free'
 Daragh Sankey 'Do you want to buy her phone number?'
 Bruce Sinclair 'Where's my food?'
 Dan Tecimer 'Need a friend!'
 Michael Trecieski 'Listen, do you smell anything?'
 Chris Watchorn 'Hello, party line?'



GRADE 10-D



Back row: Mark Turvey, Chris Jones, Alexis Duprey, Richard Cannings, Mark Magee, Dimitri Brunelle-Derome.
Middle row: Joshua Peace, Jade Leung, Andrew Prior, Cameron Sievert, James Thompson, Ross McKillop, Mr. D'Arcy.
Front Row: Michael Bardyn, Tim Sjogren, Tom Mudd, Andrew Randell, Robin West, Ted Crysdale.

MOST LIKELY TO...

Michael Bardyn: Teach Ukrainian school
Dimitri Brunelle-Derome: End up in a body cast
Richard Cannings: Follow in Neil Young's footsteps
Ted Crysdale: Become a champion midget wrestler
Alexis Duprey: Open up a hair salon
Ikuma Fryman: Change his name
Christopher Jones: DUUUUUHH!
Jade Leung: End up behind a 7-11 talking to himself
Mark Magee: Open a chain of restaurants (McGeeks)
Ross McKillop: Slayer Groupie
Thomas Mudd: Go with Shannon Hardy
Joshua Peace: Die of neck convulsions
Andrew Prior: High priest of a Satanic cult
Andrew Randell: Just be there
Cameron Sievert: Die of an inflated ego
Timothy Sjogren: Die of alcohol poisoning
James Thompson: Be next to Jade
Mark Turvey: Be a veterinarian
Robin West: Die of a fatal skin disease
Mr. D'Arcy: Become king of House League





CLASS 10-P



Back row: Craig Mason, Andrew Waschuk, Kevin Thomson, Alexander Dobson, Jacob Perlitz.
 Middle row: Andrew Ferns, Daniel Simoncic, Jeremy Robins, David O'Reilly, Christopher Wright, Jordan Bunting, Mr. Pederson.
 Front row: Scott McLorie, Julian Smit, Anthony Lo, Sender Maclean, Rajiv Chopra, Scott Gardiner.





GRADE 9-T



Back row: Christian Piller, Tom Glynn, Ryan Hyrchuk, Fraser MacFarlane, Douglas Frawley, Christian Pavey, Nicholas Blanchette.
Middle row: Mr. Timm, Lee Polydor, Stewart Hayes, Mark Tuters, Daniel Neysmith, John McClelland, Sandy Cameron, Craig Stait-Gardiner.
Front row: David Alexander, Alex Smith, Shahriyar Aghili, Chris Zarb, Richard Rayfield, Nigel Stein.

In the year 2020, 9T is having a class reunion.

Question - So what're you doin'?

Shahriyar Aghili - 'I just led the Maple Leafs to their first Stanley Cup in 55 years.'

David Alexander - 'Oh, I just started a new Game Boy Cult'.

Nicholas Blanchette - 'Well I'm a farmer in Oakville and proud of it'.

Sandy Cameron - 'I just started an international glee club'.

Doug Frawley - 'I've just opened my own loon sanctuary'.

Thomas Glynn - 'I got excommunicated from my cult for touching plastic'.

Stewart Hayes - 'I'm a fashion designer in Paris and turtle necks are in ... finally'.

Ryan Hyrchuk - 'He has been seriously injured by his ex-girlfriend - the leech'.

David Lindberg - David was trapped in a cheese whiz bottle and exploded when put in the microwave.

Fraser MacFarlane - 'Well right now I'm playing for the L.A. Lakers'.

John McClelland - 'I've become a professional puppetiere'.

Dan Neysmith - 'I have just um .. ah .. been elected Secretary of um .. ah .. Defence'.

Christian Pavey - 'I'm the number one dealer of asphalt in Canada'.

Richard Rayfield - He's in prison for 'Nintendo Road Massacre'.

Alex Smith - not available because he's wrestling a bear.

Craig Stait-Gardiner - 'Nike is sponsoring me on my new line of shoes, the Air Stait-Gardiners'.

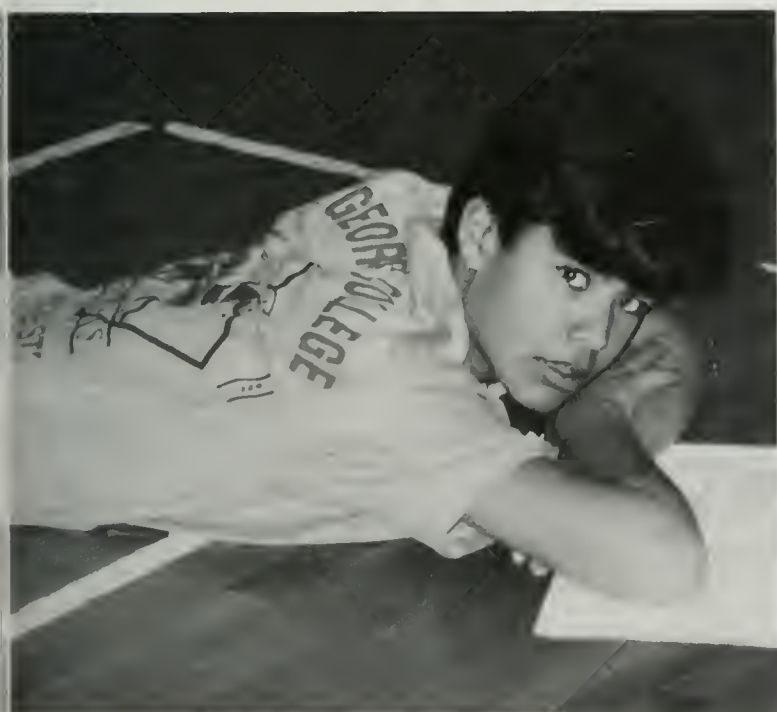
Nigel Stein - 'Well ya know, I'm working on my 17th credit'.

Marc Tuters - 'I'm now the president of the Picollo School of Hair Design'.

Chris Zarb - 'Chris is living a happy life as a Maltese sheep herder'.

Mr. Eric Timm - 'I see a red door and I want to paint it brown'.





GRADE 9-A



Back row: Brian Bobechko, Jamie Press, David Bentley-Taylor, Michael Holownych, Christian Nordin, Adam Hess, Adam Stork, Julian Thornbury.
Middle row: Christian Gregg, Andreas Merath, Mark Andersen, Azar Zafar, Tim Magee, Alex Evis, Michael Lomaga, Gordon Macey, Mr. Schreiner.
Front row: Rob Kenedi, Phillip Pace, Jeff Kopas, Simon Isbister, Peter Szummer, David Sterin, Joel Davis.



It has been discovered that to date every member of the infamous 9A has been killed. Details are given in the following obituary.

Alex Evis was killed at age 17, suffering from a severe heart attack after he 'spazzed-out' for the last time.

Christian Gregg was brutally strangled when he accidentally called Hulk Hogan a "gonad".

Mike Lomaga's scalp was removed at his last appointment for a haircut; the barber claimed that he thought he was cutting hair.

David 'pyroman' Sterin was burned to death in the great S.G.C. fire.

Philip Pace fell off the stage of the new broadway-style theatre on Yonge, directed by the senile Mr. Demierre.

Gordon Macey, unfortunately was directly below and was crushed.

Tim Magee was murdered by David Bentley-Taylor (who met his demise by tripping over a shoe lace), after saying 'I love Satan' on the Fred Penner show once too often.

Adam Stork died in an insane asylum when he became convinced that he was Captain Kirk on Star Trek. He was later joined by Jeff Kopas who had, for some strange reason, become a vegetable.

Adam Hess was killed in Geo. class when Mr. Rankin's chalk finally penetrated his thick skull.

Azar Zafar was savagely whipped by Dr. Skalinski when he asked for bonus marks once too often.

Joel Davis was mobbed by a horde of Larry Bird fans after beating 'the Bird' in a slam dunk contest.

Rob Kenedi died of shock when his mom suggested getting a new hairstyle, while Andreas Merath died when his mom told him no more perms.

Julian Thornbury attempted comedy at the 'Weight Loss Clinic' by telling fatman jokes: he was never seen again. Brian Bobechko committed suicide after losing the Federal election because his first name was Brian.

Simon Isbister was gunned down after having a bad day on his controversial television show, 'Cooking with Simon'.

Mike Holownych died of an overdose of food after eating 222 bowls of chilli.

Sparky Andersen moved to Tibet and became a priest and was never heard from again.

Peter Szummer President of 'dudes R us' was killed in a brutal hair gel accident.

Finally, Mr. Schreiner moved to Florida with the rest of the staff and told all of the science jokes that he wanted for the rest of his life.

Christian Nordin



GRADE 9-S



Back row: Anik Sane, Mark Hamilton, Arun Sambhi, Kevin Lint, Nick Toderan, Andrew Bain, Aaron Macanuel.

Middle row: Ian Miller, Feizal Satchu, Peter Andrikopoulos, Lachlan MacKinnon-Patterson, David Minnis, Robert Strebel, Nicholas Robins, Dr. Skalinski.

Front row: Matthew Aaronson, Ernest Chan, William McGuigan, Huey Lee, Bruce Jardine, Jeremy King, Colin Watson.









JUNIOR SCHOOL

GRADE 8-W



Back row: David McLorie, Anthony Alexiou, Colin Sclater, John Miller, Adam Culliford, David Reid, Hal Bosher, Liam O'Brien.
 Middle row: David Needham, Stephen Mitchell, Cristian Torcat, Karim LaKha, Geoff McGrath, Tim Reibetanz, Peter Jensen, Peter Altimas, Jens Videbak, Mr. Wade-West.
 Front row: Nicholas Boyce, Chris Remerowski, Grant Loveland, Chris Lawrence, Andre DuToit, Curtis Carter, Andrew Neelands, Charles deKerckhove, Eric Tsang.





THE WESTERN EMPIRE

A tribe of Georgians built a large and beautiful city which they called KAY-THREEOPOLIS. This, after mercifully defeating rival Georgian Tribes such as the dreaded Hutchisonites. After many months of bloody battle they decided to enjoy their large and prosperous empire. Yet, these warriors will long be remembered: Peter I of Denmark was remembered as the great emperor who played basketball. David I, The Strong, was infamous for assaulting the Grade Nine Kingdoms of the New World, which were later lost by Grant the Argumentative of Loveland, continually falling in love. General Lakha abolished all tests, Chris III 'The Jolly' ate, got drunk and was merry. Henry IX in a burst of wisdom declared he disliked the brains, attitude and clothes of the kingdom, Nicholas Archbishop of Kaythreeopolis agreed. Alexis VI was dethroned by the likes of Alexis V who had nothing to do with this story. Charles of Belgium was absolutely super! Stephen the Talkative and Curtis the Kind distributed pizzas to migrant farm workers who revolted under Czar Andrew of the house of Neelands and his evil assistant Andre. Ceaser Colin was renowned by abolishing schools, burning textbooks-illiteracy swept the kingdom. But just when you thought this madness was about to end Commando Christian, 'Amo' Anthony, Eliminator Eric and the rest of the whole sinister gang raided the kingdom destroying all in their wake.

Jens of Finland eventually woke up, dreaming of scientific discoveries only to discover that the empire had fallen. Somewhere Mr. Hutchison's cat meowed!

GRADE 8-H



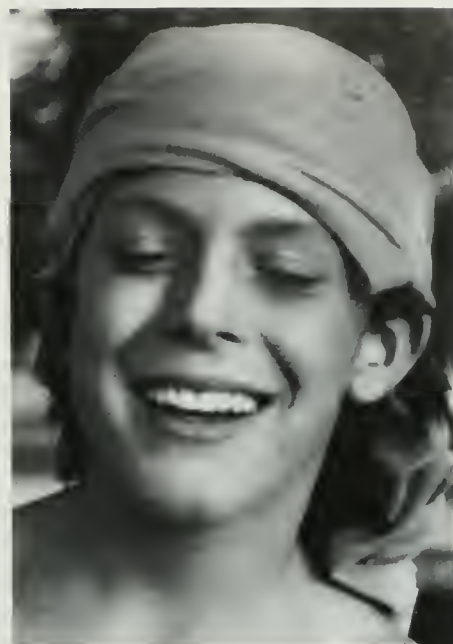
Back row: Ed Conroy, Austin Carter, Andrew Guthrie, Aaron Wolinsky, David Vaillancourt, Geoff Golding, Andre Baranyai.
 Middle row: Mr. Hutchison, David Guerriero, Andrew Austin, Matthew Sack, Jeremy Creed, Jeff Stacey, Aaron Thompson, Scott Yelle, Tom Simpkins.
 Front row: Philip Hardie, Kuen Lo, Mark Satterthwaite, Marcus Ho, Omar Rajani, Tom Keefe, Geoffrey Bellingham.
 Absent: Michael Hall, Brian Carr, Matthew Chubb, Nicholas Wilkinson.

A is for Aaron and Austin, great pals!
 B is for Baranyai who answers strange calls.
 C is for Carter (that's Austin again)
 D is for David who's smarter than 10.
 E is for Ed a real Scarborough man
 F is for having fun if you can.
 G is for Guerriero, Guthrie and Golding
 H is for Hutchison, our fate he is holding.
 I must admit that I almost forgot Andrew Austin
 J reminds me of Jenkins who's long gone and also for Creed
 who likes to con.
 K is for Keefe who is really smart
 L is for Lo who is good from the start.
 M is for Michael, two Matthews and Mark and also for Marcus
 who's afraid of the dark.
 N is for nice, that's what we all are none better than 8-H from
 near and from far.
 O is for Omar, he is a pyro
 P is for Philip and he's no tyro.
 Q is for queens, there's none in our class
 R is for Rajani, we're sure he will pass.
 S is for Simpkins or Stacey, you're choice
 T is for Thompson and this is my voice.
 U may be missing Bellingham and Carr

V is for victory - which to us is just par.
 W brings Wolinsky and Wilkinson too, (and don't forget
 Yelle, who belongs in a zoo).
 X is for xylophone, an instrument we like
 Y is for Yelle again, cause he sure can bike.
 Z has me snoozing now this is all done and my year in 8-H
 has been lots of fun.

Aaron Thompson





GRADE 7-T



Back row: Phillipe Maheux, John Sedgwick, Andrew Miller, Taylor Armstrong, Amadeep Marok, John Damanis, Alexander Duncan, Daniel Birganti, Mr. Turvey. Middle row: Daniel McNamara, Edward Gass-Donnelly, Matthew Kelly, Chris Marshall, Daniel Kircher, John Pennal, Tim Pacaud, Andrew Godden. Front row: Tufan Ugar, Raymond McAuliffe, Daniel Sternberg, Thomas Gibbons, David Dewees, James Bunting, Matthew McCabe, Andrew Holownych, Sean Burnett.

TEACHERS VS. STUDENTS, THE WAR CONTINUES

As you know, all teachers have little disputes or disagreements with their students, and this year at St. George's, it is no different, as the battle between masters and students continue.

First, let's visit Mr. Turvey's room. Now Mr. Turvey handles the class very well and doesn't let the students get out of hand. But there is one problem that he cannot overcome, and that is stupid questions. Now who do we all relate stupid questions to, yes that's right, Alexander Duncan. He must think of them the night before and just memorize them because nobody could think of that many stupid questions right off the top of their heads. Now while Duncan is on my mind, I'd better tell you about the Rambo look. Duncan walks into every class with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, his pants tucked into his socks and his shirt hanging all over the place. Out of everything, this must aggravate some grade seven teachers the most.

On to Mr. McElroy's class. First there is Maheux where everyday it's, 'Sir...? Out! Get out of this room right now, and stay out!' I still can't understand how anyone can do so well when they are listening to the lesson through a wall everyday.

Now onto Peter Labanz, better known as 'Labanzo'. He sits at his desk and looks so attentive, but looks can be deceiving. For whenever he gets asked a question, it's always, 'Sir, I don't understand what we're doing?' or 'Sir, what page are we on?'

And when it comes to math class, you just can't leave out Chudy. Even after he's hit, scared out shoes, or even threatened by Mr. McElroy for not paying attention, what do you see him doing two minutes later? Yes, that's right, doodling or flipping through a magazine.

Moving right along to Mme Beck's class, World War Three in the making, whenever she turns her back, one is bound to get bombarded with paper balls, projectiles, and other weapons of destruction. But as they say, 'It's all in fun until someone gets hurt.' ...or caught. And who would that person be? Why Malcolm Wilkinson, the retired paper ball warrior, whose recently staged comeback was unsuccessful after accidentally deflecting a shot off Mme Beck.

Now onto the last of the grade seven battles, which comes from science class with Mr. Morgan. This is not an armed offensive against Mr. Morgan but rather a bloody civil war of 7-T versus 7-T. This, a result of arguing at every possible opportunity. We can even muster up an argument over parachutes and the force of wind. These disputes have resulted in the failure of Mr. Morgan to finish his lesson and the gory corpses of 7-T littering the classroom.

Now that you have heard all this, you might think that teachers are totally relieved when summer holiday comes. But, think of this: during those warm holiday months, they experience the shuddering thoughts of the upcoming year at St. George's when we continue our saga of the teachers versus the students.



GRADE 7-B



Back row: Jamie Frawley, Peter McCague, Philippe Bedard, Andrew Teichman, Bryce Carter, Chris George, Peter Labancz, Geoffrey Mariani, Mr. Birkett.
Middle row: Curtis Begg, Malcolm Wilkinson, Daniel Diebes, Chris Gaal, Cameron Finlayson, Chris Peters, Kody Giallonardo, Andrew Blanchette, Michael Chudy.
Front row: Stephen Pratt, Gregory Barnett, Behzab Ghotb, Bryan Cragg, Matthew Rubinoff, Edward Ayoub, Andrew Sjorgren, Matthew Robinson.

THE CHARACTERS OF 7B

I can't decide if I'm the King, or the scapegoat of the this unique class. Whenever I enter the room the crowd either salutes me or bombards me with a constant flow of paper balls. The leader of the mutiny against me is Chris George, who is none other than the undefeated champion of gas exchange. Another rebellious figure is also named Chris, Peters that is: His number one strategy is to reduce everyone to tears of laughter with his famous impersonations of TV stars. Now, 7B is blessed with another laughing machine: Andrew Teichman, the virtuoso of funny faces. Let's not forget the very appreciative audience of these comic relief maniacs, such as Greg "Prime Minister" Barnett, and laughoholics Bryan Cragg, Andrew Blanchette and Daniel Diebes.

Moving right along to the Guinness Book of Records corner, Superstrongman Bryce Carter, Mister Flexibility Jolly Jamie Frawley, and Manual Noriega of our class Kody Giallonardo who tries to pass crushed chalk as cocaine, just to check if we're on our toes about saying No to drugs. In the corner of my eye I spot Peter Labancz, the question maniac and a swim pro, and behind Bryce sits Curtis Begg, the Philadelphia Flyers greatest fan.

And how can I miss Andrew Sjorgren, the master of the superlative, who describes everything as dudely or tri-

umphant, and fittingly enough, in front of him is sprawled another California beach talker, Chris Gaal. Every army needs a couple of quiet or reliable types such as the conscientious Cameron Finlayson, and Geoff Mariani. Closing the ranks for my row is the one and only "Eddie Ayoub Ayoub charge or Eddie Ayoub crazy". Starting the next line of cadets is Behzad "I don't know how to pronounce my last name" Ghotb. The two Matthews sit across from me, one in front of the other, Robinson a computer fanatic, and Rubinoff the greatest animal champion of all time. Relaxing on the other side of the aisle, you will find Malcolm Wilkinson, the retired veteran of paper ball wars, watching the battles with an experienced eye, and Stephen Pratt who can't pass up any challenge. Peter McCague is meditating over his next meaningful one-liner... Now how can I forge Mr. Michael Chudy the aristocrat of intellectual disorganization!!

I may not have figured out yet if they worship or despise me, but this sure is one great mix of characters, all true to the spirit of togetherness of St. George's!!

By Philippe Bedard



GRADE 6



Back row: Mr. Leatch, George Bassel, Adam Powadiuk, Matt Morden, Michael Carmichael, John Golding, Justin Burul, Angus Robinson, Jordan Walker.
 Middle row: Jason Kennedy, Greg Karout, Alexander Moniz-Brown, Tom Schroeder, Ian McGuigan, Evan Schwartz, Rob Watt, Gavin Bee, Graham Wright.
 Front row: Michael Jessop, Christopher Warne, Joshua Burnett, Tim Boyce, Scott McMaster, Bernard Bieberstein, Jonah Creed, Victor Shing-HoweTo, Ian Roberts.



THE FUTURE

Suddenly it is the year 2015. Everybody in the Grade 6 class is old. George Bassel is part of the Greek navy. Gavin Bee is a barber who also works for Lens Crafters. Bernard Bieberstein is now the president of Negative Inc. Tim Boyce is one of the Queen's Guards. Josh Burnett suffered from sunstroke while trying to get a tan and he is still in the hospital. Justin Burul started a health club in the suburbs. Jonah Creed; well his stocks are way down. Michael Carmichael has made a giant break-through in technology and is designing a car for the year 3005. Michael Jessop is the President of Nintendo, and is 7 feet tall. John Golding has finally found his way home. Greg Karout has bangs down to his belly button. Paul King is fighting crocodiles in Australia. Alex Brown is a superstar baseball player in the major leagues. Jason Kennedy is still working on a Math problem from two years ago. Adam Powadiuk has beaten the world record in reading: he has read two books in five seconds. Matthew Mordin is a mad scientist who developed curly hair potion. Ian Roberts is a wrestler in the W.W.F. Tom Shroeder is in the NHL playing for Montreal. Evan Schwartz is working on a sequel to Spaceballs. Victor is still trying to get his pencil sharpened. Chris Warne didn't know the value of money and they soon parted. Robbie Watt had a collection of 10,000 Nintendo magazines. Jordan Walker is still trying to figure out what went wrong in his last brain transplant. Graham Wright dyed his hair green. Mr. Leatch got fed-up and became a monk, and I own a pet shop on Yonge St.

Angus Robinson



GRADE 5



Back row: Mr. McElroy, Peter Koven, Matthew Klinger, Rory Mitz, Stef Waschuk, Justin Estacion, Elliot Hughes, Harry Joshi, Richard Wong.
 Second row: Nicholas Yap, Ni-Apa Lampti, Patrick Torcat, Kendry Watson, Joshua Aaronson, David D'Onofrio, David Forrest, Stuart Coristine.
 Front row: Timothy Franklin, Michael Kelly, Barrie Dryden, Daniel Medd, Alexis Levine, Peter Levine, Simon Cook-Roffey, David Sternberg.

A DAY IN GRADE 5

As Mr. McElroy sits in his chair during Math class Joshi's hand is up (as usual) and Rory Mitz is erasing the board. Barrie Dryden is talking to nobody about politics and Stuart Coristine is looking for his long lost paper in his desk. Tim Franklin is playing with his metal ruler and then flings it accidentally across the classroom floor. Peter Koven is fooling around with the plant behind him. Matthew Kelly is playing with pencils until Mr. McElroy breaks them one by one. Peter Levine is drawing a massive killer holding a dagger

with blood spilled everywhere. Alexis Levine is getting water for the plants and cactus. Daniel Medd is reading his Wrestlemania Magazine while he admires the picture of the Ultimate Warrior. Kendry Watson is copying the homework off the homework board. The bell rings and math class is over.

So all you Grade 4's watch out for next year you might have a day like this.

Robert Sternberg



GRADE 4



Back row: Mr. Morgan, Jonathon Cutajar, Michael Teichman, Matthew Boland, Justin Riva, Lawrence Bramer, Brendon MacKinnon-Patterson.
 Middle row: Blair Yagnik, Matthew Donald, Benjamin Munger, Elwin Leung, Joshua Estacion.
 Front row: Michael Popielaty, Jacob Devine, Jonathon Millman, Andrew Davis, David King.



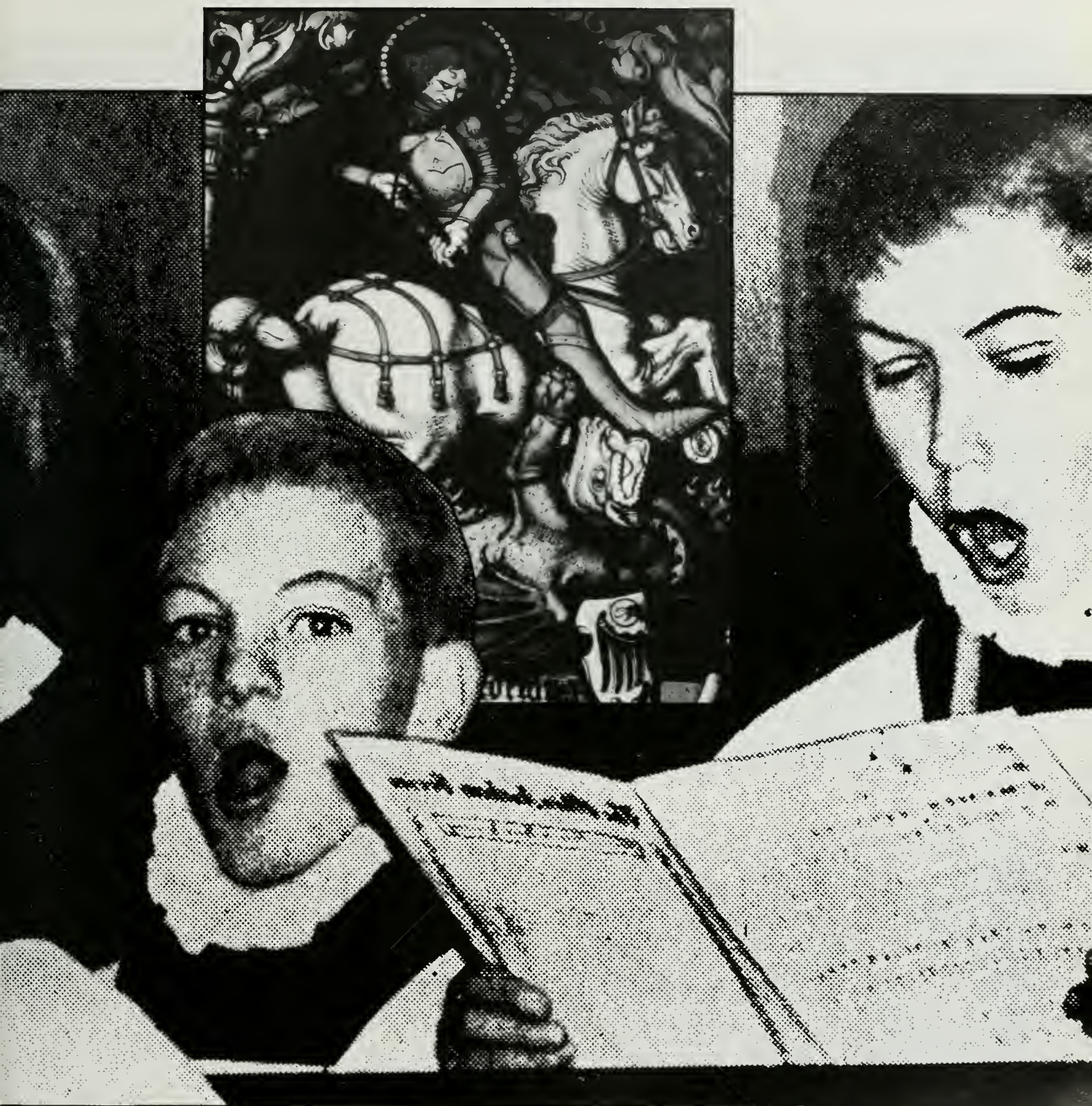


S G C RAP

S G C rap is right here,
 S G C has nor fear.
 Chin-Chin's dead, it's not very fun
 if he were alive he'd be swimming in
 the sun.
 York, Winch, Cant and West,
 they are all cool, they are the best.
 Millman, Munger, Davis, King
 They are not afraid of one little thing.
 Mr. Turvey teaches History,
 no wonder he's a mystery.
 Mr. West is the best
 but he is not on West.

by Jonthon Millman, David King,
 Andrew Davis and Ben Munger





FALL ACTIVITIES

SENIOR SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RUN



Matt: Hey Duke, those two guys should be salesmen. Look, they've sold the staff on running in this crazy cross-country meet.

Duke: I wonder which inspirational line they used.

Matt: Probably something truly original like 'it's good for you' or 'try it, you'll like it'.

Vitas: Listen guys, with this staff they undoubtedly used the one about self-improvement.

Kyle: You're not going to believe it, but I heard one of them saying 'one for the Gipper' whoever he is. The other one was preaching the value of cardio-respiratory fitness. Then they ranted on about 'house spirit'.

Duke: Teich, have you ever seen them run?

Matt: Sure, but only to the lunch wagon for a burger or a cream-filled. -OKAY FELLAS, AWAY YOU GO-

Vitas: Hey Duke, even that line hasn't changed. Let's go!

Kyle: Vitas, what's it going to be, run or hide in the woods?

Duke: Let's run. You know it gives them such satisfaction to see us exhausted and dragging our butts across the finish line.

Matt: Yes, it reminds them of their youth and the things they used to be capable of doing.

Vitas: When I'm 50, I hope that I'm in better shape than those two.

Kyle: Well let's get running.

JUNIOR SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RUN



Chris: How much further?
 Phillipe: Oh, it's just over this hill.
 Chris: This isn't a hill, there should be a chair lift on it in the winter.
 Phillipe: You know, this is better than the 12 minute run.
 Chris: Oh sure it is! How much further now?
 Andrew: Just through the bush and along the path. We're almost there.
 Chris: Dorothy and Toto had a shorter trip along the Yellow Brick Road. This is ridiculous, it's a jungle out there.
 Phillipe: Isn't it better than being in Science class? You know, I think we're in 5th or 6th place.
 Chris: Right now, I'd settle for 7th or 8th place in Science class.
 Andrew: Chris, dream on, you'll be lucky to even pass Science. Keep going, it's just through the ravine.
 Phillipe: Yes, keep running Chris, the guys in our house are doing real well.
 Chris: Are we there yet? Hey guys, do I look any bigger, stronger or better looking?

Andrew and Phillipe: No comment.
 Andrew: Was that Chubber we just passed?
 Phillipe: Are you kidding? It was just a Grade 4 kid, but a big Grade 4.
 Chris: Is that the finish line?
 Andrew: I hope so. I'm beat. Let's slow down and walk the rest.
 Chris: No way man, the house needs the points. Besides, this isn't so bad.



1ST SOCCER



Back row: M. Norton, J. Collins, C. Yelle, T. Stewart, J. MacFarlane.
Front row: T. Bendry, S. Wall, B. Leech, D. Thompson, A. Hurst.

During very intense post season interviews with the yearbook committee, the members of the First Soccer team were asked to provide possible reasons for their frustrating and failing search for an illusive win this season. The committee has listed the reasons and explanations provided by our team members.

1. FAN SUPPORT - Both Diarmid Thompson and John Atkinson agreed that the team need cheerleaders. 'We're better with the girls around'.

2. WEATHER CONDITIONS - Bret Leech felt that the wind was always 'in his face' when he tried to kick the ball.

3. INJURIES - Jason Start claimed with a smile ' If I'd been healthy we would have won it all'.



4. RECRUITING - Chris Yelle ... ' Mr. Pengelly has got to do a better job of recruiting and providing better athletic scholarships. Olivier's scholarship expired in mid-October and they sent him back to Switzerland. We need more European players.'

5. OVERCONFIDENCE - Andrew Hurst and Jamie Collins claim that Mr. Dunkley's decision to play nine players against U.C.C.'s eleven and to put Tim Stewart in goal against Hillfield were fatal sign of overconfidence.

6. COACHING - James MacFarlane felt that these decisions by Mr. Dunkley, all of which backfired, were proof that he was gambling on winning the prestigious 'Coach of the Year Award' at the banquet.

7. PLAYING CONDITIONS - Matt Norton, while defending Diarmid, said 'It wasn't his fault, we have the same barber, and Diarmid's hair was in his eyes.

8. OFFICIATING - Stephen Wall swears 'It was a bad call; the ref called me for a hand ball when I didn't even catch the thing. The officials don't know the rules.

9. INCENTIVE - Tyson Bendry summed it up best, 'When the pop's warm and the donuts are stale, what's the sense'.

U-16 SOCCER



Back row: Mr. Keenan, S. McLorie, T. Sjogren, D. Davis, M. Turvey, A. Burk, C. Sievert, D. Simoncic, R. Monaghan, Mr. Thornbury.
Front row: M. Collins, D. Armstrong, M. Teichman, P. McGlogan, A. Lo, M. Bardyn.
Absent: E. Poon.

A NEARLY GOLDEN SEASON

1989 will be remembered forever at St. George's as the year that it was finally proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is not a lack of athletes at S.G.C., but simply a lack of coaches. What has caused this realization you might ask? Well, the answer is: the 1989 U-16 Soccer Team. The core of this team has been together for 4 years, but until the Fall of 1989 had a record that was not even within a stone's throw of the .500 mark. This year, however, we were saved when Mr. Clarke went to Newfoundland. Our savior came in the form of Mr. Thornbury, an extremely dedicated parent. He and Mr. Keenan, our staff rep, led the team to its greatest ever record: 8-3-2.

The incredible efforts of Mr. T. really paid off in the tournament at St. Andrew's in early November. On an icy cold day in the great white north of Aurora, the team cruised to the semifinals leaving T.C.S., Hillfield and U.C.C. begging for mercy. In

the semis we met Crescent, a team that had dealt us one of our two regular season losses just the week before. We payed them back with a 1-0 win on a last minute goal by Mark Turvey. In the finals against S.A.C. we took a one goal lead into the second half, but due to a few unlucky bounces and hurricane-like winds working against us we were narrowly defeated 2-1. In a nearly golden season, we went home with the silver.

Mr. Thornbury deserves a very special thanks for the time and effort he put into developing this group into a very competitive team. Thanks also to Mr. Keenan for his efforts and Fraser MacFarlane for his water. By the way, if there are anymore talented parents out there we are in dire need of a coach for next year's First Team: they didn't win a game this year. This time Mr. Dunkley can go to Newfoundland.

David Armstrong

U-14 SOCCER



Back row: P. Jensen, P. Altimas, C. Torcat, M. Andersen, B. Jardine, J. Creed, N. Morgan.
Front row: M. Wilkinson, M. Satterthwaite, P. Hardie, M. Kelly, G. Loveland, T. Simpkins, M. Hall.



The team began the season with an average start: two losses, a tie, and one win. By mid-season the prospects did not look good: after a tournament in Hamilton our team cry resounded 'We're Mean! Lean! Pathetic Machines!'

It was then that we decided that things would have to change. We'd give it the ole 110%! We'd Fight! We'd go on a rampage! We even considered jogging to Christie Pits!

The regular season ended with four wins, four losses, and three ties. It was then that Saturday came, a day that will live in infamy!!

In our first game we played against our hosts, Hillfield-Strathalan. We thirsted for their blood, but we ended up tying three all. Unfortunately, due to luck of the draw, we were knocked down to B division.

Now we were mad, but we managed to keep a level head as we faced Ridley in the semifinals. Tempering victory with mercy we defeated Ridley and went on to eliminate T.C.S. 3-0. Thus we became the B division champions, technically giving us 2nd place overall.

It was a great season thanks to the sound coaching of Mr. Morgan, and to the support of Mrs. Hardie and the party at the Skydome!

Matt Kelly



U-13 SOCCER



Back row: Mr. Ackley, D. Guerriero, P. Labanz, B. Carter, P. Bedard, D. McLorie, C. George, F. Satchu.
Front row: K. Giallonardo, Curtis Begg, B. Cragg, N. Boyce, G. Mariani, G. Barnett, A. Blanchette, C. Gaal.

This year's U-13 Soccer team started off on the right foot, winning our first few games. We travelled to Ridley College for the Canadian U-13's tournament with a perfect record. Our wonderful soccer coach, Mr. Ackley coached us to the championship round-robin tournament. We were defeated in the semifinals by UCC by a score of 2-0. We finished the season with a 3-2 loss to Crescent School and with an overall record of 12 wins and 3 losses. Overall thanks to Mr. Ackley, Mr. Dunkley (a.k.a. The Donut Kid), and the entire U-13 soccer team -- We had a fun, great season.



By Bryce Carter and Bryan Cragg.



U-12 SOCCER



Back row: G. Bassel, A. Sjogren, J. Burnett, T. Boyce, M. Kelly, J. Estacion, G. Bee.
Front row: M. Klinger, J. Creed, J. Walker, T. Schroeder, V. To, E. Schwartz, P. Torcat, I. Roberts, J. Cutajar, J. Estacion.



The team began its year in fine fashion, winning its first two games by good margins. In our first tournament at Hillfield-Strathallan, we captured the consolation trophy, narrowly losing the qualifying match for the major trophy, to Appleby, 3-2 in overtime. In the main tournament at Appleby College our club defeated St. John's Kilmarnok in an excellent, closely fought game, only to be knocked out of the 2nd tournament by the host school, Appleby by a score of 1-0.

On behalf of the team, we would like to thank Mr. Hutchison for coaching us and Mr. Thornbury for helping out and for being at the tournaments. It was a great year.

Tom Schroeder, co-capt.
Jordan Walker-co-capt.

1ST VOLLEYBALL



Back row: M. Szummer, T. Corlis, N. Zeibots, N. Frieberg.
Middle row: J. Rea, A. Colussi.
Front row: J. Stein, V. Sipelis, D. Bowlby, Mr. Nakatsu.

The first Volleyball team was thrown headlong into this year with great expectations and lots of enthusiasm. It was a tough job for Mr. Nakatsu because many of the players on the team were new members and had not had much experience. This soon changed. The team was very quickly whipped into shape and the skill and energy looked very promising. Our spiking, bumping and setting were unmatched, or so we thought. Until we played our first game we had

visions of fame and glory. After our first game we saw that achieving this was not going to be as easy as we thought.

It turned out to be a rough season with many losses and few wins. Much to our disappointment we did not make it to the final tournament, but that is not important. What mattered is that we had fun in the practices and the games. For everybody, it was a learning experience: about friends,

leadership and good sportsmanship. A special thanks goes out to everyone on the team, especially our coach Mr. Nakatsu for putting up with us for three months.

Hey! Where's the Penetrator?



U-16 VOLLEYBALL



Back row: R. Wearing, R. Park, D. O'Reilly, J. Arscott, A. Prior, N. Heatherington, D. Tecimer.
Front row: H. Lee, K. Thomson, Mr. Cooper, D. Frawley, I. Miller.



In the first game of the final tournament we were confronted by a whistle happy referee, but with much struggle we won the game. In the second game we had a different referee but still the memories of the first held us back from playing at our full power. The match went to three games and it ended in the most frustrating way possible. With a healthy lead we were shut down by the serving of the other team.

We would like to thank Mr. Cooper for a great season and for those of us who will be going to the senior team next year, to wish him good luck on next season.

Kevin Thomson
Co-Captain

At the beginning of the season things were looking great. A powerful team that was destined for success. In the first tournament we finished first in the round robin. That is until it was pointed out that the addition had been done wrong and we were actually in third place. We took this slight setback with grace and dignity knowing that we could easily make it back in the rest of the season. During the season we played strongly, winning many of our games. When we lost it was not because of the great coaching of Mr. Cooper, but because we didn't always try our hardest. The fondest memory of the season for most would probably be the day that we visited Eastern Commerce, a high school where a friend of Mr. Cooper's taught. We went to that school for an exhibition game expecting to get slaughtered. Some didn't even think we would make it in the door. We left the school knowing we had creamed them five games to zero.

U-14 VOLLEYBALL

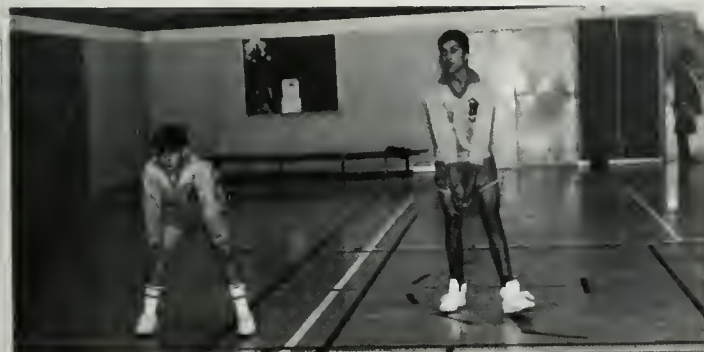


Back row: Mr. Schreiner, E. Conroy, A. Carter, A. Zafar, A. Guthrie, A. Alexiou, A. Sambhi.
Front row: M. Rubinoff, C. Zarb, J. Frawley, A. Teichman, T. Keefe, D. Sharier.



The season started out on a promising note. 28 students tried out for the team on the first day. 14 students finally got there. All 14 places for the team were at last determined. Then, the real season. After a first game win over U.C.C. it seemed that we were on our way. But shortly after, a mixed up, confusing season settled in. Our coach, Mr. Schreiner, remained patient, but could not figure out what it was with us. We played an inconsistent brand of volleyball. One day we would play very well, while the next day we would play awfully bad. Don't get me wrong, but we had a good, solid team with all kinds of talents and potential. The trouble was combining our talents and playing well, consistently, under game pressure. However, we still played pretty well on the day of the ISAA championship tournament. We played a solid first game, but still wound up losing to Crescent, who would go on to win the ISAA championship. In our next game we started out shaky, but came back and triumphed over St. Andrews. Then came our third game. No problem! We trounced Appleby. We didn't qualify for the championship game, though we did qualify for the consolation final, for third place. Unfortunately, our inconsistent play came back to haunt us, and we lost. We finished the tournament with a respectable fourth place finish. Overall, we had a heck of a roller-coaster season. On behalf of our U-14 volleyball team, I would like to thank Mr. Schriener for his efforts and patience involved in coaching our team. I also thank all who tried out for the team, whether you made it or not.

by: AAZAR ZAFAR



SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM



Single row: J. King, J. Kopas, K. Lint, M. Tuters, S. Monardo, M. Shaw, D. Schmid, M. Thompson, G. Stewart, R. Gilfillan, Mr. E. Timm.

The time is 12:06, the skies of T.C.S. are bright with sunshine...Where were the machines from S.G.C? Where were the galactic running messiahs of interplanetary earth? Had their fire been so quickly extinguished from the universe? All of sudden, like the detonation of a nuclear bomb the S.G.C. custom made, electric hot yellow, off-road A.V. Cheesewagon with peace and love written on one side and anarchy, hate and destruction on the other burst out of the trees. Fires spewed from the twin exhaust pipes of this mighty machine, the well-worn tank tread grinded to a halt. Parents took children off the street, people locked their doors, all within a radius of 500 metres ran for their lives. An envelope of silence covered T.C.S. like a plague. Slowly a creak pierced this void of silence ... the troop hatch of this twisted nightmare opened. Hypnotizing swirls of pink incense floated from the bowels of the bus. Mr. Timm, clad in a nondescript trenchcoat and round psychedelic Kaleidoscope shades steps out. He surveys the crowd of terrified onlookers with a simple yet extremely profound statement 'Too much ... too much'. At this the seven die hards of the cross-country team fly out of the emergency exit, their faces painted with blood, their eyes scarlet. This was the S.G.C. Cross-Country Team.

This write-up is a tribute to Mr. Timm, Jeff Kopas, Carl Schroeder, Geoff Stewart, Rory Gilfillan, Kevin Lint and Martin Shaw. A special salute goes to Mark Thompson, longtime member of the team who broke his arm mid-season and was unable to run. This was Mark's last year on the team.

THE MACHINE LIVES!

Rory Gilfillan.



JUNIOR SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM



Back row: M. Chubb, T. Armstrong, A. Bain, C. Pavay, A. Austin, Mr. Timm.
Front row: D. Medd, D. Forrest, E. Hughes, S. Coristine, M. Robinson.

This year the Junior Cross-Country Team enjoyed an incredible year. Under the coaching of Mr. Timm the team ran superbly in five meets.

The first meet was at Holy Trinity School. The U-12 team had one runner in the top ten, Daniel Medd in 9th place. The U-14 team came second overall with Andrew Bain in 1st, Christian Pavay in 6th and Alex Evis in 7th.

The next three meets were run very well by the U-12s, with Daniel Forrest in 10th at the St. George's Invitational, 11th at York Montessori and 8th at Crescent. The U-14s were awesome winning all three of these meets. Matthew Chubb had a 2nd and two 3rds.

The finale to the year came on Nov. 15 at Appleby College. Amidst drizzle, mud and cold temperatures the U-12 team did their best (with a few frozen parents cheering them on) and achieved an 8th place finish. The U-14s showed radical team spirit with Alex Evis, unable to compete because of an injury, shouting from the sidelines. The team placed second with Andrew Bain in 2nd and Matthew Chubb in 4th.

Congratulations to the U-14s for the greatest cross-country season in St. George's history!

Andrew Bain



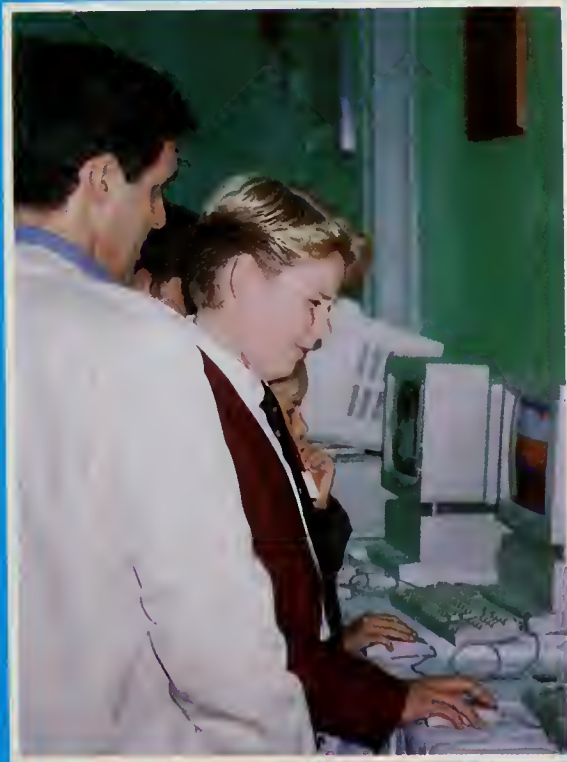


OPEN HOUSE



And the rains came, and the cold! But in the early morning of October 21, about fifty people took part in the St. George's car rally, which was the first activity of the Open House. Other ventures were not so fortunate. The Old Boys' Soccer game had to be cancelled because of the condition of the field. The Junior School Parent/Son Baseball game suffered a similar fate at the hands of the Toronto Parks Department.

In spite of such an inauspicious beginning, by noon a large contingent of Old Boys, parents and friends of the college had begun to gather in Ketchum Hall and in the marquee set up in the parking lot. They heard musical offerings from bands and choirs, looked at art work from the Junior and Senior Schools, saw computer displays, a video show about school life, and articles of interest from the school archives. After lunch everybody watched a slide show that detailed plans from the new school buildings.



SILVER JUBILEE GALA



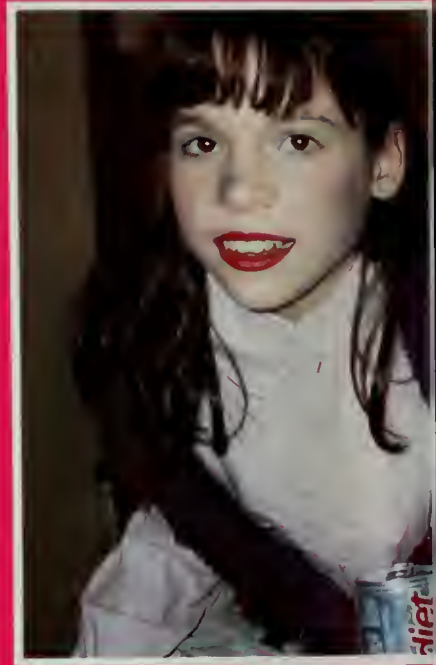


From the moment guests began arriving in the Ballroom of the Four Seasons Hotel, it was obvious that the evening was going to be a success. The feeling was one of excitement and fun. A delicious meal was prepared by the hotel's kitchens (one of the chefs was a St. George's College Old Boy) and the music provided by the Doug Zimmerman orchestra gave dancers and listeners alike a really 'up' feeling. St. George's had come alive, and although the evening was not planned as a major fund-raiser, we did indeed make a significant start toward our future campaign which was launched last spring. Twenty fascinating items were auctioned, and fortunately as more people got involved and 'carried away', the College made more money.

Thanks go to so many people, but particular tribute must be paid to Jack Creed, Gill Teichman, Kathy Andersen, Marina Kovrig, Dawn and Dan Hardie and Alan Chapple. They, and so many others were responsible for ensuring the success of the evening. And one more thought was evident as people said their good-byes - 'Let's make this an annual event'.



OLIVER



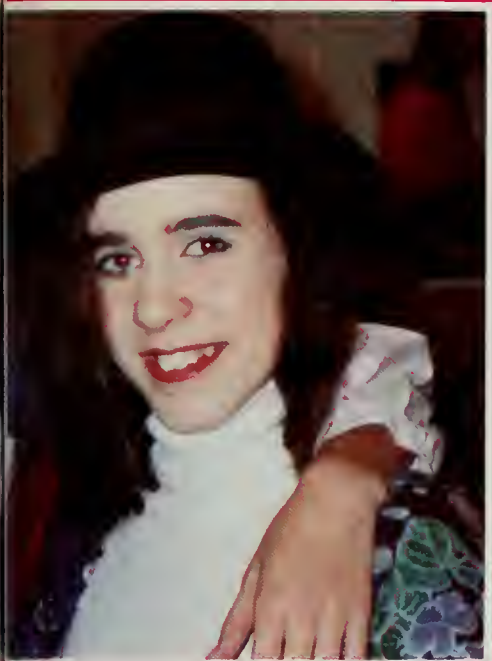
Our singing was horrible, our acting was horrible and our dancing was even worse. This was September 1989 in Ketchum Hall, where kids from grades 4-13 were practicing for the first middle school production of *St. George's and Havergal College*. I must admit it looked pretty hopeless back then, all of us trying our best to obey the orders of Mr. Demierre and Ms. Sommerville. We screeched our songs, whispered our lines and just could not dance. Ryan and Gordon 'Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum' tried to help Mr. Demierre as the stage managers but it was to no avail.

September came and went and soon it was mid-October, and lo-and-behold, after all of our hard work we were still no better! Madame Beck organized costumes. Mr. Holdsworth worked on the set and Mr. Pederson tried his hardest to get the 'techies' in order, but it was now nearing November and Mr. Demierre was close to tears. None of us were worried, however, as we were all cool and calm.

Soon it was mid-November. We all listened to the band for the very first time and we realized that they were in even more trouble than we were! Closer and closer we came to the opening date, palms started to sweat, faces frowned and more people were close to tears. Then it happened! We acted brilliantly, all of our worries were forgotten. We even received a standing ovation! (even though it only happened once). Our performances came and went and soon they were just memories. Everyone involved in this play left with a great satisfaction knowing that he or she helped to produce!!!



Christan Nordin







HOUSE LEAGUE









WINTER ACTIVITIES

FIRST HOCKEY



Back row: Mr. Ackley, A. Cann, S. Warren, M. Norton, M. Atkinson, G. Stewart, N. Gilmer, J. Atkinson, S. Wall.
Front row: M. Shatzker, N. Freiberg, B. Loughridge, J. Neubauer, R. Gilfillan, M. Thompson, V. Sipelis.

KNIGHTMARES

'Knights!! Knights! Knights knights?' The scream faded into the black abyss of oblivion ... the shell shocked veterans dizzy with pain and delirium slowly crumpled into heaps of torn, overstressed flesh. Where had the fire gone? Where was the flashing steel of flying skateblades gone? Our thousands of distraught fans fled the arena. The Georgian hockey juggernaut was dead ... or was it? Was it possible that a once powerful being of such magnitude could just stop? Silence enveloped the arena, all was still. Suddenly, it was broken by a faint heartbeat, beating to the tune of Rocky. Slowly the once beaten hockey warriors started to rise. Red anger was in their eyes, a flame in their heart. An ancient wardrum began to beat a rhythmic insane tempo of the destruction that awaited those that had scored, ridiculed and beat us. Suddenly a man with indian war paint on his face rose and let out a savage scream of justice and revenge. Windows cracked, children were pulled off the street, anarchy reined supreme. Mr. Ackley finished his scream with a howl. Soon will come the time when S.G.C. retakes its conquests of old ... U.C.C., Lakefield, Nichol's and a very special warning to Rosseau Lake.



U-16 HOCKEY



Back row: Mr. Keenan, J. Smit, D. Minnis, D. Armstrong, R. Park, D. Lindburg.
Center row: J. Leung, C. Jones, M. Teichman, A. Burk, D. Bentley-Taylor, M. Turvey, N. Toderan.
Front row: D. O'Reilly, M. Collins, R. Gregg, L. MacKennon-Patterson, R. Monaghan, P. Andrikopoulos, M. Andersen.

So Close We Could Smell It

There could be no doubt that this year's addition of the Under 16 hockey was the best ever to wear the Gold-And-Blue. The perfect mixture of seasoned veterans and fresh recruits made this team the early favourite for the I.S.A.A. championship. Beginning with the first practice, we had our sights set on the huge trophy that would be ours in a few short months. Under the leadership of Mr. Keenan, we started the season well with a convincing win over the previous year's strongest team, Lakefield. As the season rolled on, we produced incredible scores like 13-1 over S.A.C., 9-2 over Cresent, and 13-2 over Rosseau. In one game against Albert College, we won 9-0, limiting the opposing team to zero shots on goal. We suffered only two losses in the regular season against Appleby and U.C.C. In total, we ended with a record of 9-2, scoring an incredible 97 goals, while allowing just 26.

As we moved into the year-end tournament at Ridley, we were still confident that the huge championship trophy would be coming back to S.G.C. with us. Our first game on Friday night, a 10-1 lesson in hockey for Ridley, gave us no reason to be any less confident. After about 2 hours sleep, at Michael's Inn in Niagara Falls, we were all wide awake and all ready to play. After a slow start, we won our early morning game, 5-2 against U.C.C., but it really wasn't that close. This put us in the semifinals, where we would meet

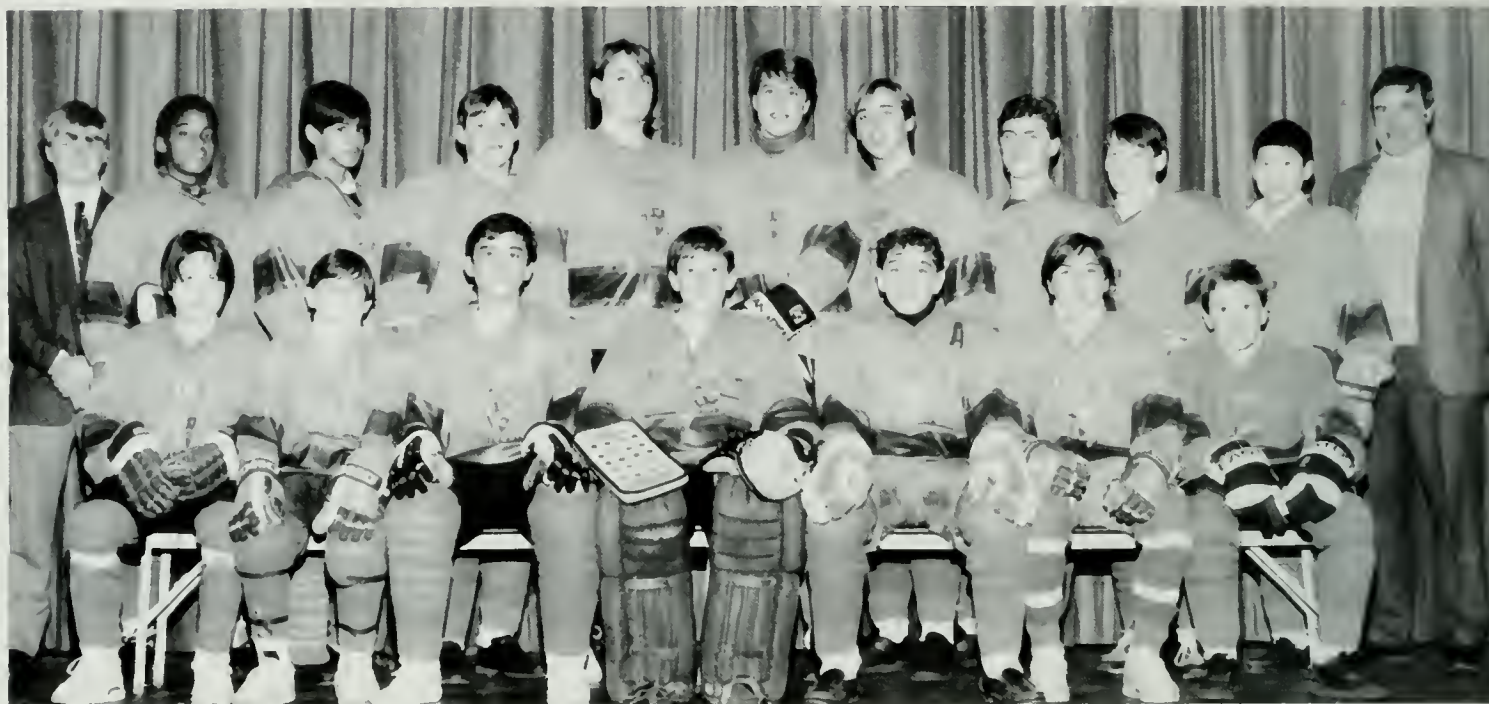
T.C.S. Not surprisingly, they were over-confident in the beginning, but our 3-2 victory humbled them in a hurry.

After the semis, we had a ten minute rest and then we played the finals against the well rested Appleby team. This game is one that I imagine will never be forgotten in the history of S.G.C. It was a classic confrontation of the tournament's top two teams. Appleby was the only team we had not beaten in the regular season, and we were ready to avenge that loss. We came out firing, and Appleby had six attackers. Four seconds and a bad bounce later, the score was tied. A five minute overtime would decide the champions. We came out firing, and had about ten shots on goal, but we could not beat the Appleby netminder. Appleby moved up the ice, and as a result of a bad line-change, put the puck across our goal line. Appleby had won the trophy, which, years from now, would not in any way be considered huge but the experience would.

The best hockey season in S.G.C.'s history had come to a close on a down note, but it could not take away all the positives of that year. The efforts of Mr. Keenan throughout the season deserves a very special thank-you, maybe next year's team could go one step further.

David Armstrong

U-14 HOCKEY



Back row: S. Mitchell, C. George, K. Lahka, J. Stacey, A. Guthrie, J. Miller, A. Carter, B. Carter, P. McCague, E. Chan, Fr. Hill.
Front row: T. Keefe, M. Wilkinson, S. Yelle, J. Frawley, M. Sack, C. Torcat, G. Barnett.

U-12 HOCKEY



Back row: Mr. Leatch, G. Wright, E. Schwartz, G. Golding, A. Miller, J. Burul, T. Schroeder, S. Burnett.
Front row: D. D'Onofrio, J. Creed, J. Aaronson, J. Burnett, R. Sternberg.

FIRST BASKETBALL



Back row: Mr. Dunkley, A. Hurst, J. Rae, M. Rosen, N. Zeibots, T. Corlis.
Front row: M. Szummer, A. Brewster, B. Leech, J. MacFarlane, B. Turvey.

FIRST BASKETBALL

The year started off slowly, but enthusiasm grew stronger and stronger as the season neared its end. We had an even record as we travelled to Montréal. It was 'tourney time' and we did a lot better in Montréal considering the competition. We had the 'Slickster', a cold bus and stayed at Nittolo's.

Our whole year was targeted towards our final tournament on March 3rd. There has never been a more excited or hyped up group of basketball players than there was on that Saturday. And victory comes to those who are prepared. We were prepared. The way we played reflected our attitude. We ate our Wheaties that morning and played 'Smoke on the Water' and became I.S.A.A. champions. We did it for ourselves, and our pride would not let us fail. Mr. Dunkley's confidence in us spurred us on. Our victory can also be attributed to having one of the best coaches in the league, and the best spirit of any team on the league. Come on Sir, let it out! It's your first championship in 50 years!



U-16 BASKETBALL



Back row: Mr. Nakatsu, N. Hetherington, F. MacFarlane, K. Thompson, J. Arscott, K. Lint, M. Andrews, D. Frawley.
Front row: C. Sievert, D. Tecimer, R. Wearing, I. Miller, A. Lo, J. Davis.



This year's basketball team had a very successful season of skill and character development, under the leadership of their captain, Rob Wearing. The improvement in players, such as, the 'Fraz' and 'Magic' strengthened the team and complimented the steady play of 'Dr. Lo', Doug, Neil, Joel and Jonathan. The aggressive play of the young Turks; Dan, Cam, K.L., K.T., and Ian contributed a great deal to our team.

There are a number of memorable things from this year's team; Dan's patented shot, Fraz's baseline move, Magic's skyhook from the foul line, 'The foul is on five-five', and the Selwyn House tournaments. With the leadership and role models provided by veterans and the enthusiasm of the rookies the team is well on its way to improving its record next year.

U-14 BASKETBALL



Back row: A. Alexiou, C. Sclater, J. Thornbury, J. Press, C. Pavay, A. Bain, A. Zafar, Mr. Coutts.
Front row: G. Golding, M. Chubb, P. Altimas, H. Lee, P. Hardie, P. Jensen.

During the 89-90 season, the St. George's College Under 14 Basketball team had an eventful, educational and successful year. In the final I.S.A.A. tournament, we placed third. An honourable mention goes to Bret Leech and Mr. Thornbury for Coaching assistance, as well as our great coach, Mr. Coutts.

'Elmer, don't cry over spilt milk'
--- Andrew Bain.



U-13 BASKETBALL



Back row: P. Labanz, P. Bedard, D. Vaillancourt, A. Culliford, F. Satchu, A. Teichman, Mr. Morgan.
Front row: T. Armstrong, G. Mariani, C. Gaal, A. Blanchette, C. Peters, D. Sternberg.



The Under 13 St. George's Basketball Team

In late November, the St. George's Under 13 basketball team's season began. Under the leadership of Mr. Morgan as our coach we finished our season with an undefeated record in the independent school league and returned from some very important tournaments with winning trophies.

Shortly after we returned from the Christmas holidays, our team travelled to Vancouver, B.C. to participate in the 10th annual Dragon Classic Basketball Tournament as well as to tour some very important and interesting areas throughout Vancouver.

In the tournament we placed second, right behind Holy Trinity (Vancouver), who gave us a very tough match in the finals.

Our last major event of the season was the I.S.A.A. basketball tournament which this year, was held at Crescent School.

We beat some longtime rivals, such as U.C.C. early in the tournament to advance to the finals where we defeated Crescent, in another close match.

This ended our superb year which would not have been possible if it had not been for the enthusiastic play from the players and the great coaching by Mr. Morgan.



SKI TEAM



Back row: B. Dolan, C. Ross, C. Nordin, D. von Teichman, M. Holownych, J. Collins, R. Hyrchuk, M. Manchester.
 Middle row: Mr. Kerr, R. Benson, M. Shaw, M. Trecieski, J. Peters, D. Schmid, P. Andras, L. Foreht, M. Tuters.
 Front row: S. Isbister, J. Kopas, S. McLorie, S. Herron, J. Bunting, A. Eves, J. Stein.

In one of the worst winters for snow in memory, St. George's had a pretty hot team. Led by Scott, get-out-of-my-way, McLorie, the Junior A squad went into the final meet tied with Crescent for first place. It looked like a near thing, but a lovely sunny day, soft snow, and a flat course combined to steal victory from us.

The Senior A's also had a very respectable showing this season, placing third overall. Des Teichman performed exceptionally well, blowing only one run the entire season - the last one! Oh well, sic transit gloria mundi.

Next year ... next year we ought to be really hot!



SENIOR SWIM GALA



Despite his fear of heights, the red-head took his place at the end of the three meter spring board. His hands raised, silence fell throughout the Benson Building pool. 'Swimmers take your marks'. The four swimmers stepped up on the blocks, house t-shirts emblazoned across their chests. The senior swim gala was on.

Teamwork was evident in all areas, as house member assisted in sock relays, t-shirt relays and inner tube relays.

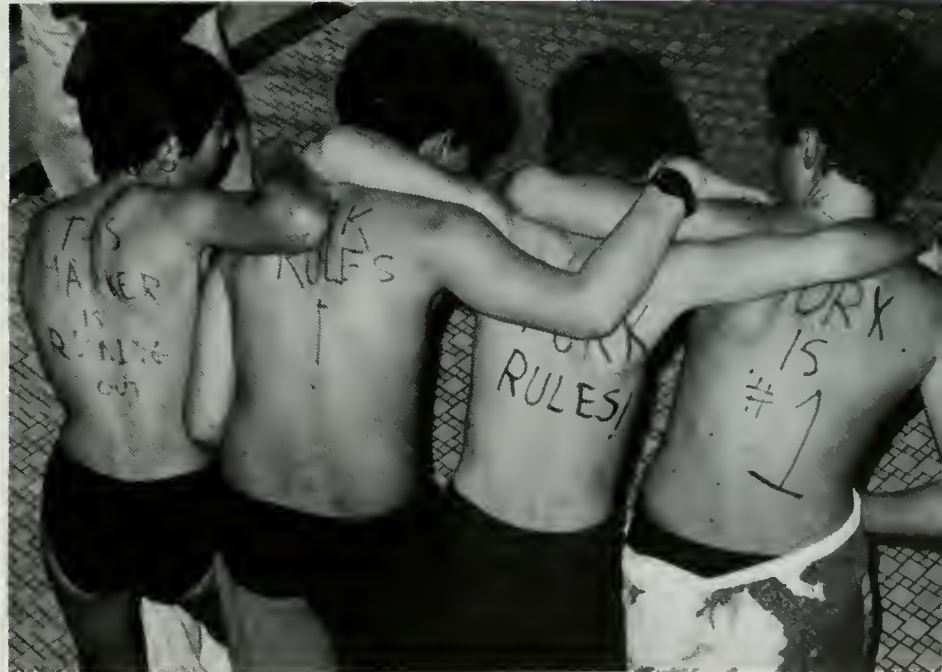
Winch took the early lead thanks to Mr. Kerr's smooth strokes in the t-shirt relay. The races were very competitive and the redhead kept every-

thing running smoothly from his perch up above.

Many of the staff participated for their houses, especially Mr. Pengally, who, single handedly anchored many of Canterbury's relay teams.

It soon became evident that York was the dominant team at the meet. Under the guidance of house leader Mark Thompson, York house member such as Norton, Start, Holowynch, Anderson, Piller and Rayfield proved to be too smooth 'dans le H₂O.' Staff swimmers Keenan and Ackley also provided inspiration and some veteran savvy through the final few events. A great way to start the March Break.

JUNIOR SWIM GALA



BEOWULF



Beowulf was written around 600-800 A.D. It tells the story of King Hrothgar, king of the Danes, who built a mighty mead-hall to celebrate his triumphs. Grendel, a monster descended from Cain and who is the accursed of God, breaks into the mead-hall while the warriors are asleep and kills and eats many of them. No one in Hrothgar's kingdom can withstand this beast and many men die.

Beowulf, hearing of these horrors, sails from his homeland and undertakes to destroy Grendel, which he does by pulling

off its arm, leaving the giant to bleed to death.

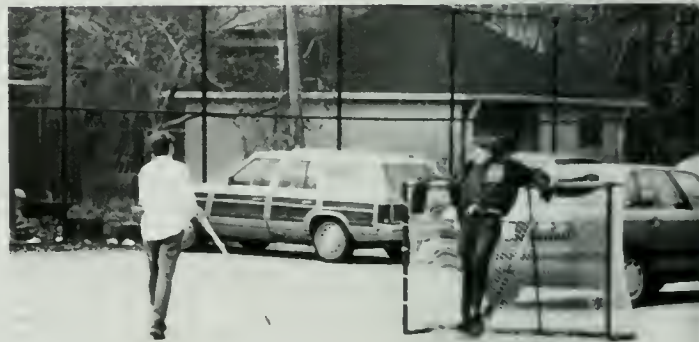
Mr. Demierre arranged this poem into a drama, which he staged using boys from both the junior and senior schools. Mark Neysmith painted a wonderful backdrop, in which he contrasted the courtlines of Hrothgar's domain and the savagery of the monster, and the OAC music students composed the music. This was for synthesizers and computers, taped sounds and live, acoustic instruments, played during the performance.

GAGE DAY

The winter activity day was once again a resounding success. The prefects emerged as clear cut winners in Murder Ball, the staff, with the addition of Andrew Pace, vanquished all foes except Canterbury in Ball Hockey, and York was able to hold off all opposition in the incredible goings on in Ketchum hall. After a great hot dog lunch, everyone retired to class in the afternoon, tired by happy.



HOUSE LEAGUE





POTTERY CLUB



STAFF-STUDENT GAMES







SPRING ACTIVITIES

U-12 SOFTBALL



Back row: J. Burul, G. Golding, D. Diebes, P. MacCague, C. Peters, G. Bassel, E. Schwartz, Mr. Leatch.
Front row: J. Burnett, S. Barnett, T. Schroeder, C. Warne, J. Creed, T. Boyce.

U-14 SOFTBALL



Back row: Mr. Hutchison, A. Teichman, B. Carter, H. Boshier, D. Vaillancourt, C. Sclater, A. Alexiou, A. Carter, J. Stacey, S. Mitchell.
Front row: J. Creed, S. Yelle, T. Keefe, M. Wilkinson, G. Mariani, M. Kelly, M. Sack.

U-16 SOFTBALL



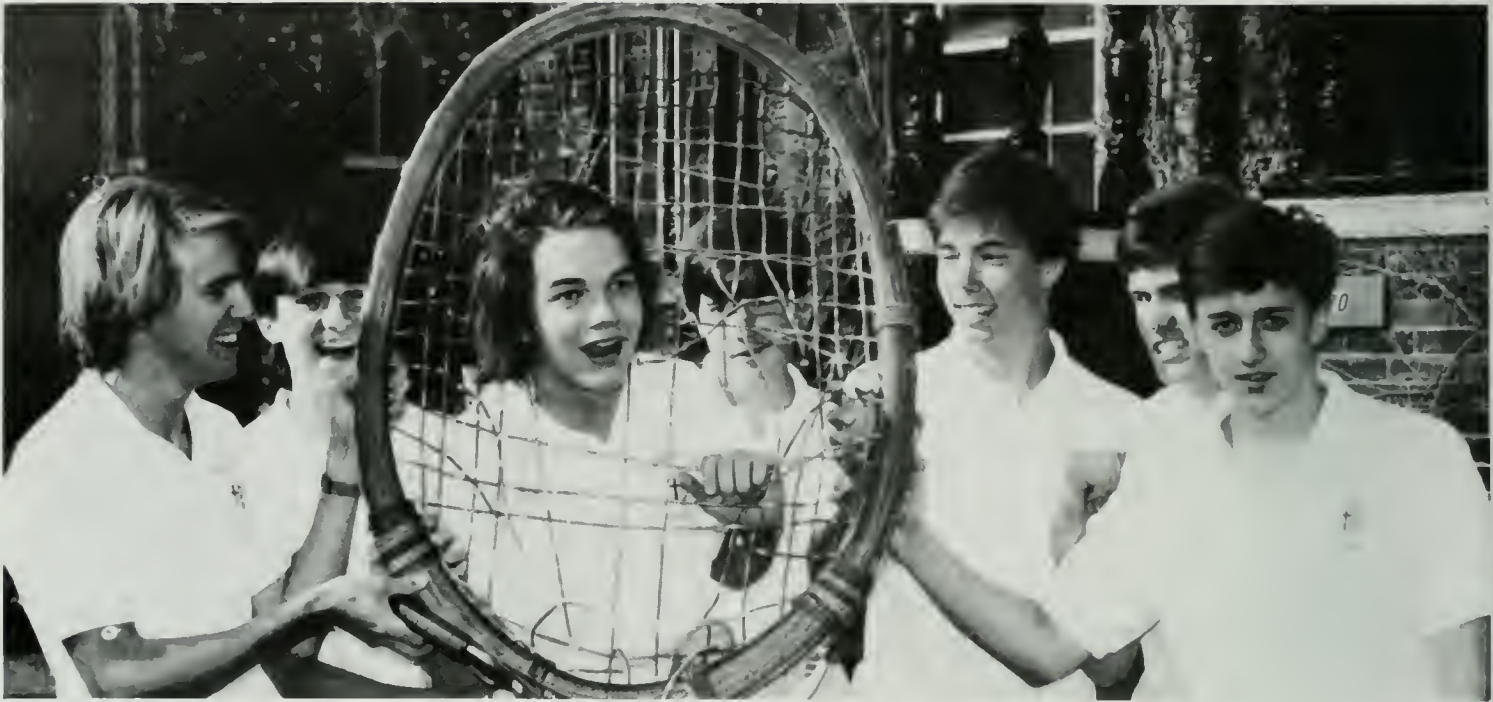
R. Park, D. O'Reilly, R. Monaghan, A. Burk, C. Sievert, P. Andropoulos, A. Mananuel, J. Robins.

1ST SOFTBALL



Back row: Mr. Kerr, C. Wheeler, A. Cann, M. Atkinson, S. Warren, C. Yelle, K. Roberts, A. Hurst.
Front row: B. Turvey, J. Atkinson, C. Cristine, N. Freiberg, M. Atkins, J. Stein.

1ST TENNIS



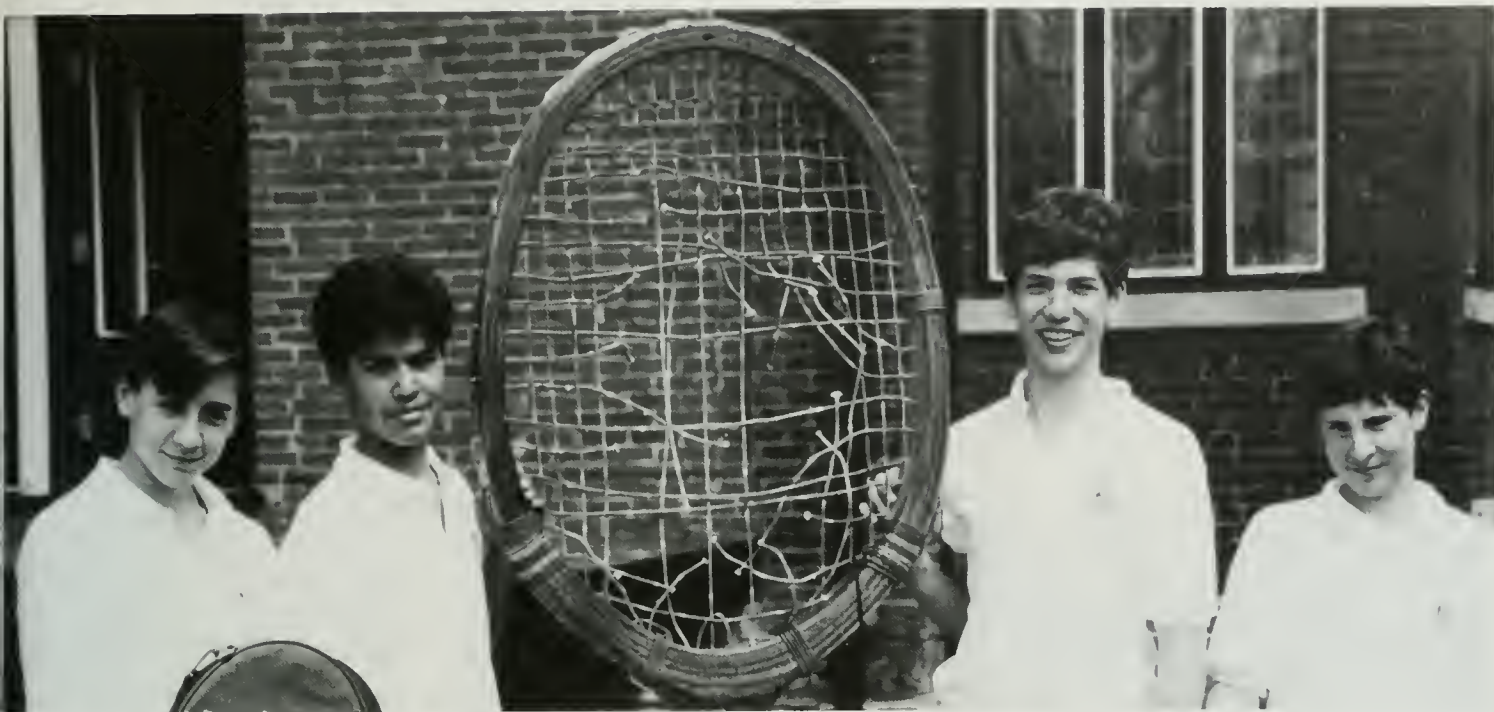
N. Gilmer, J. Macfarlane, C. Ross, T. Stewart, J. Collins, M. Szummer.

U-16 TENNIS



Team Members: K. Pirbai-Kassam, M. Teichman, A. Prior, M. Turvey, J. Thompson, M. Collins, B. Sinclair, K. Rajani.

U-15 TENNIS



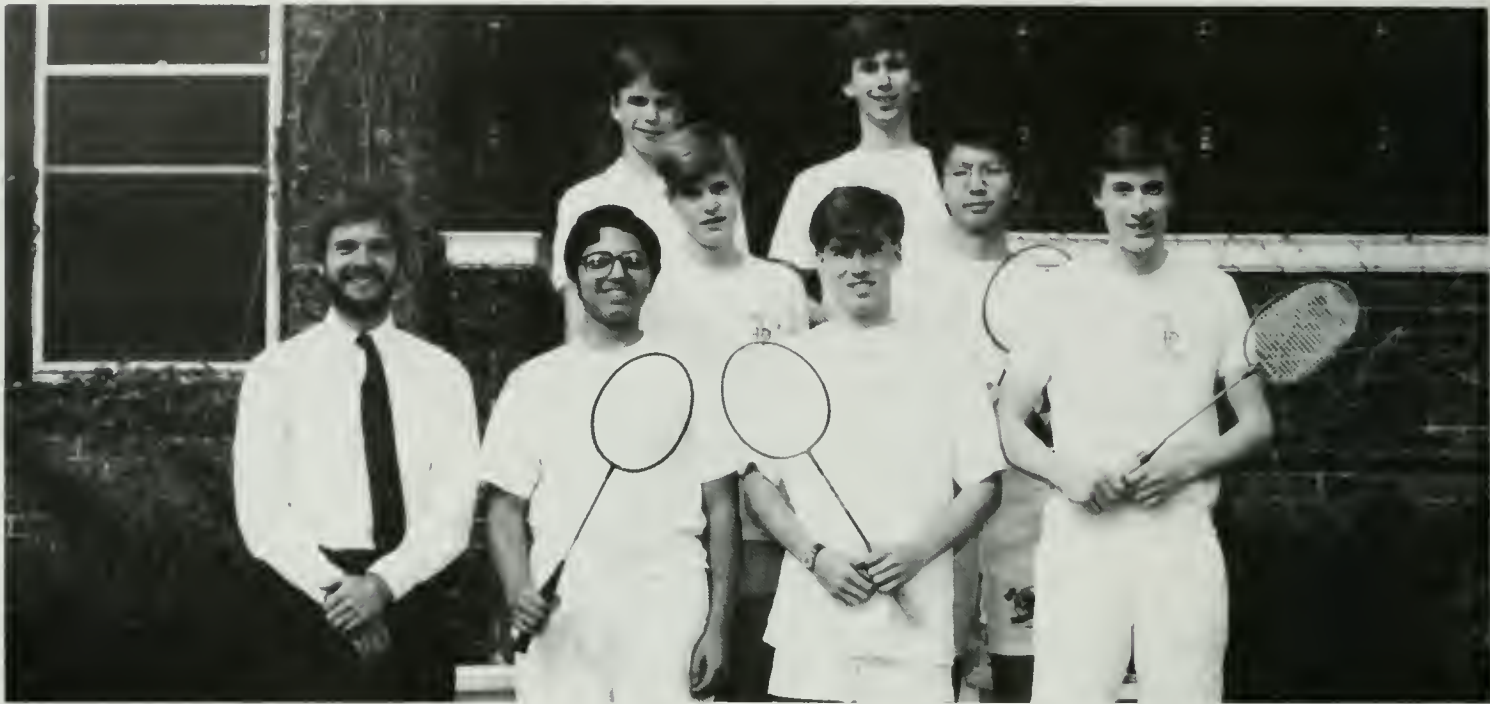
P. Szummer, C. Zarb, C. Piller, R. Rayfield.
Absent: M. Andersen, T. Armsrong, C. Begg, A. Thompson.

U-14 TENNIS



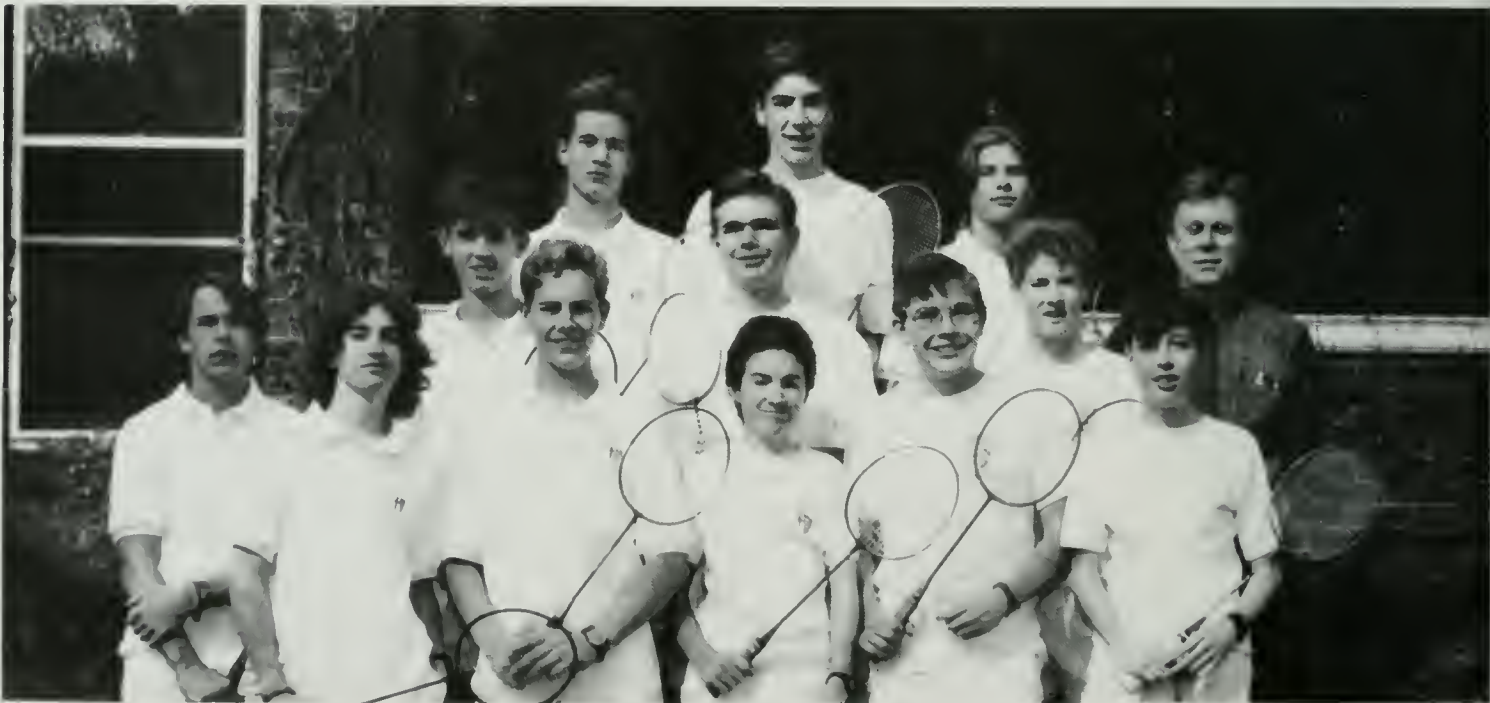
Back row: D. Needham, C. Marshall, S. Pratt, T. Pacaud.
Front row: M. Rubinoff, D. Sternberg.
Absent: D. Guerrero.

1ST BADMINTON



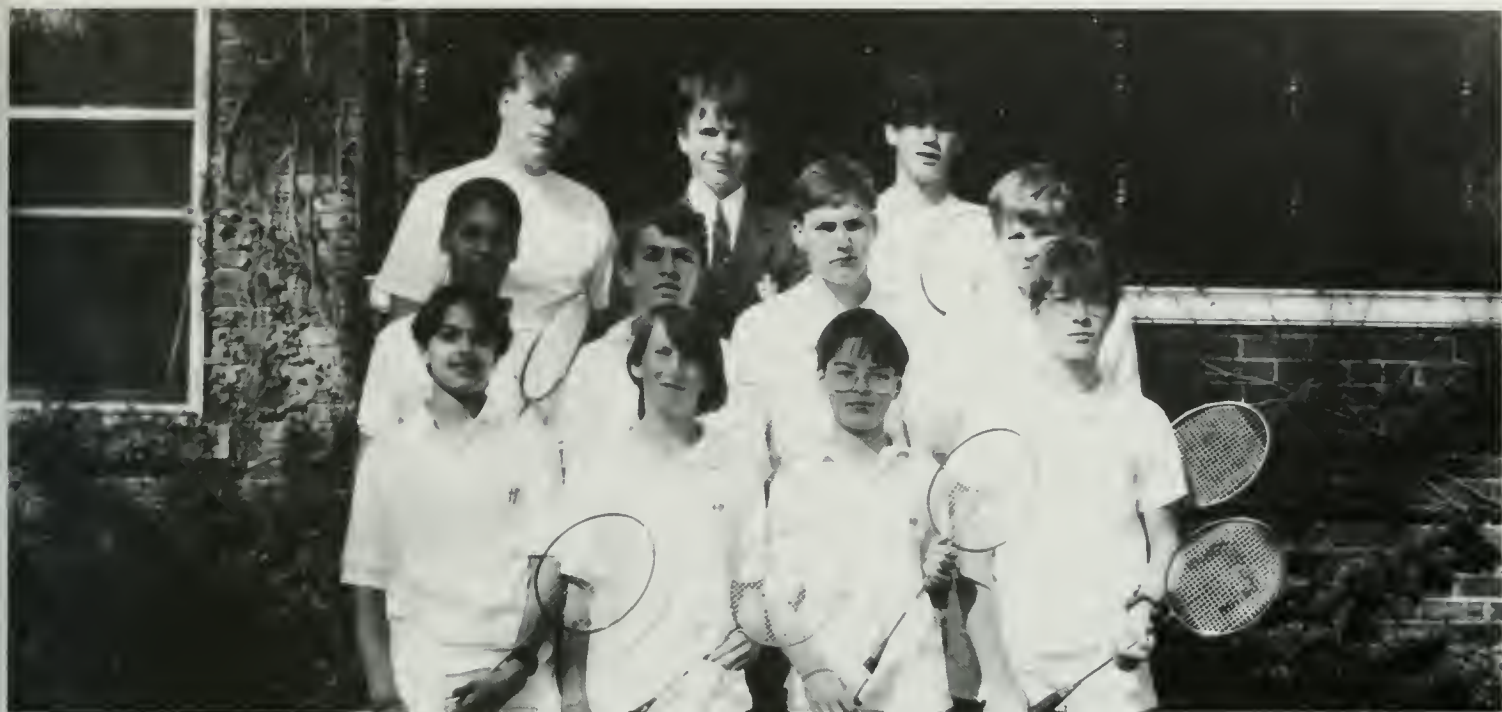
Back row: A. Culliford, N. Ziebots.
 Middle row: R. Wearing, T. Chow.
 Front row: Mr. Cooper, I. Bhattacharya, D. Bowlby, T. Chow, T. Corlis.

U-16 BADMINTON



Back row: R. Hryciuk, C. Nordin, T. Mudd.
 Middle row: B. Bobechko, N. Blanchette, J. Miller, Mr. Schreiner.
 Front row: T. Sjogren, J. Smit, A. Randell, T. Crysdale, M. Blanchette, S. Gardiner.

U-14 BADMINTON



Back row: M. Holownych, A. Culliford, D. McLorie.
Middle row: C. George, A. Blanchette, E. Conroy, P. Bedard.
Front row: O. Rajani, P. Hardie, A. Holownych, P. Jensen.



SENIOR TRACK TEAM



Back row: Mr. Timm, M. Shaw, M. Norton, M. Magee, G. Smith, K. Lint, G. Stewart, A. Stork, J. Daly, M. Thompson.
Front row: D. Schmid, D. Tecimer, R. Gilfillian, D. Davis, M. Tuters, L. Polydor, R. Skippon.



Festering, blistering black-charred lungs gasped at the fiery air. Every gurgling hack brings up more scarlet flesh from the depths of our pollution filled breathing capillaries. Falling to our knees, the radioactive air of York University Track and Field Centre melts our hair and corrodes our teeth, breaks our soul. The water is yellow and looks oddly familiar. The acrid smell makes us cringe. Too much ...



INTERMEDIATE TRACK TEAM



Back row: P. Altimas, C. Pavey, J. Thornbury, A. Bain, A. Eves, Mr. Timm.
Front row: A. Austin, C. Gaal, J. Frawley, M. Chubb.

As the St. George's College Junior and Intermediate track teams approached the field of competition we had only one thing in mind: total and utter annihilation. And that's exactly what we did. With sterling 1500m performances by Andrew Bain, Matthew Chubb, and perfect long jumps by Alex Evis and Elliot Hughes. (Alex broke the ISAA record by 16cm in a preliminary meet). Spectacular high jumps by Julian Thornbury, Jaimie Frawley and Chris Gaal (Julian broke the ISAA record in the finals = total annihilation, Jamie hit a personal best in this event of 1.37m). 800's by David Forrest, Bain and Thornbury. 400's by Peter Altimas and Andrew Austin. Hurdles (total K.A.) by Thornbury. Not to mention relay wins in all distances: 4 x 100m, 4 x 200m, 4 x 800m. Not to mention winning the ISAA final at UCC in the pouring rain!

Due to our brilliant performances we would like to thank Mr. Timm and Mr. Thornbury for helping us through the injuries, rain and very, very swelled heads (this article doesn't make it obvious does it?!)

Julian Thornbury and Alex Evis



HOUSE LEAGUE



IF IT'S 2:45, IT MUST BE BALL HOCKEY

When the bell sounds at 2:35, many grade 9's and 10's can be seen heading for their lockers getting ready for the event of the day, BALL HOCKEY. Before the young warriors head outside many of them stop by Mr. Love's office to get yet another combat weapon.

As soon as the two tennis balls are dropped, the action begins. A term heard frequently out on the pitch is 'Put them in the snowbank D'Arc' or 'Okay, Love, I'm going to get you back for that slash.'

The games are usually close and the action furious. With the house league, the philosophy of lots of fun mixed in with total involvement is usually upheld.

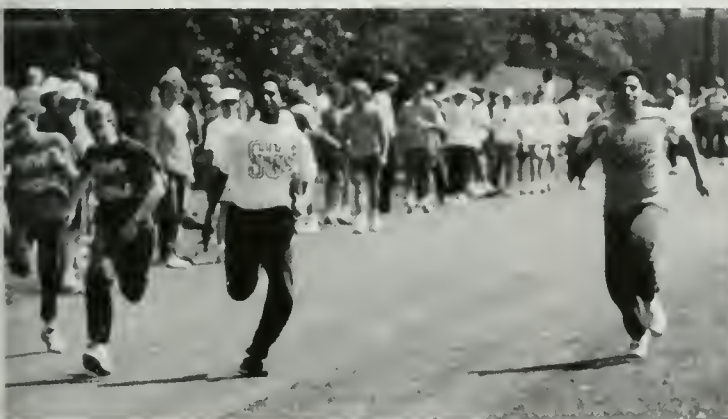
Ball Hockey Scoring Champion:
Michael S. Lumbers





TRACK AND FIELD DAY





HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION



HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION



'To do is to be' -- Socrates
'To be is to do' -- Sartre
'Do be do be do' -- Sinatra

Thespian Theatrical Review,
Spring '90:

On May 25th, 1990, I had the pleasure of attending an afternoon of one act plays presented by the lads of St. George's College. The first piece was performed by York house. This work entitled 'The Feast' was truly a feast of theatre. Never before have I consumed such enticing drama. Ian Bonnycastle in the role of the stage crew played out his part so well, one would think he was part of a stage crew.

The second of the afternoon's works was 'Heroes' put forward by Winchester.

Though Geoffrey Browne was nice in the role of the Lone Ranger, the true star of this production was Jeremy Thomas as a scintillating Lois Lane. Nick Zeibots' interpretation of Tonto was an artistic masterpiece.

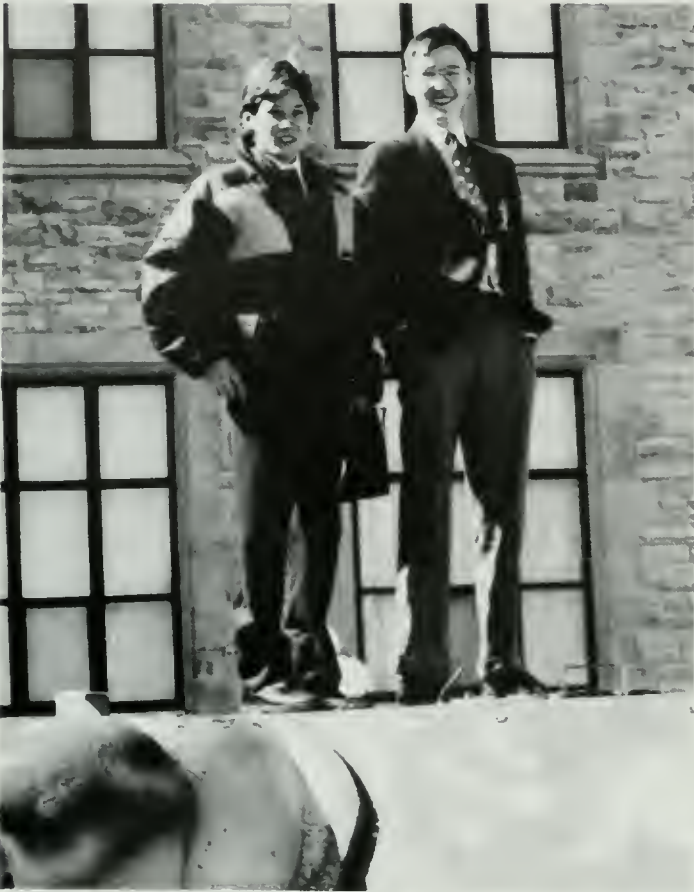
The next piece was 'Take heed: the assumption'. Westminster's entry, which went on to win the competition was both written and directed by Adrian Colussi. It was both enticing and entertaining.

The final production of the afternoon, a re-staging of Robin Fulford's 'Eddycandyside', was performed by Canterbury house. The unity of the actors and their quick delivery showed precision and clever directing. Truly an unsung triumph of the afternoon ...

-- Yves Tetu



OTTAWA TRIP



Ottawa, well what can I say: it wasn't too bad. The bus ride sure was long, but the occasional guy making a mad dash for the washroom made it all more entertaining. The Darlington Nuclear Power Plant was the first stop that we made and here we all got to touch radioactive materials, and we managed to not grow any extra limbs. From there we went to Ottawa where we spent a fun filled week for 60 with accommodations at the Novotel in roaring downtown Ottawa. There was also a chance to wine and dine at some of the best restaurants Ottawa had to offer including the Swiss Chalet, Little Caesars and the University of Ottawa (seriously the food wasn't bad at the University). Let's not forget our luck in being able to sample some of Ottawa's fast-paced nightlife.

We managed somehow to see several hundred different sites within the span of four days. There were the Parliament Buildings where we signed petitions to free Lithuania and observed Question Period. The National Gallery was fun for we all had a laugh at the Voice of Fire, the painting that the government spent 1.8 million on. Let's not forget our visit to see the Hon. Dan Heap (Alex Evis' hero). We went to Laurier House (did you understand what that guy was saying), the Aviation Museum, the Royal Mint and the Supreme Court.

To be serious, I think that we all had a great time on the trip and we'd all like to thank S.G.C. very much.

Mark Tuters





GRADE 10 QUEBEC TRIP





Let's see; last year we went to Ottawa, this year we went to Quebec City. At this rate, next year we'll go to Heaven. But then, the bus ride could be even longer! I guess that what I'm trying to say is we grade 10s found Québec to be morally, socially and culturally superior to Ottawa and Norval, the other fine places we have gone on class trips.

In this trip most everything went smoothly. Museums, cultural landmarks and greasy French fries slid through our hands quickly, giving us just enough time to enjoy them. We mused in the Musée de la Civilisation, the Musée du Fort, and McDonald's. We cruised through the Plains of Abraham, the Citadelle, and St. Hubert's. In fact, we spent precious few moments in the cottage (Hotel le Cottage). Why sleep when you can be herded through metal detectors at the Québec National Assembly? Why eat when you can buy ugly sunglasses, or perhaps other paraphernalia? I never understood that.

I think it is a compliment to the trip in general that we, the fatigued (our fault) and frozen people of St. George's still found the trip to be exciting under less than perfect weather and biological clock conditions. We had stimulating tour guides, one of which was nearly auctioned off by our bus driver. Our teachers, Mr. Pederson, Mr. Paulin, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Holdsworth and Mr. D'Arcy helped too. Thanks to them all, as well as to Camal for evening entertainment.

We came; we saw; we left.

D. Sankey



GRADE 13 BOSTON TRIP





Day 1

Twelve straight hours on a bus with our favorite life-threatening driver, Ron. 'Shut up. Sit down. There'll be no AC/DC on my bus.' 'Ron, look out for that van full of nuns!' 8:00 p.m. we arrive at our ultra high class Boston motel. It was recently decorated (1970) in brown and orange and had new plumbing (1960). Hot water was plentiful and toilet plunging was required a mere twice daily. Boy, that girl was at the concierge sure was gorgeous.

Day 2

A full six hours spent following a thin red line on the sidewalk. Saw "Cheers", Boston's smallest street, some tombs and some old glass. Choose your own restaurant. After dinner activities: 1. the Military Zone - 'Hey guys, let's go for a walk', 2. Late Night with David Letterman or 3. Late night football with the girl at the concierge.

Day 3

Red line again to the Boston Aquarium. What cute sharks. Arrive at Salem for a quick tour through the Witch Museum. One hour free time. Lots of nice stores. Salem - home of the magic love elixir. Blake and Chuck: 'Hey, \$8.00 for 5ml. of soap, what a deal!' Over to Harvard. Gee Gord, aren't you applying? Back to Boston. Dinner with the world's rudest waitresses. Boston vs. Hartford. Real men wear black, don't they Geoff. Back to the seven star motel. After dinner activities: 1. Late Night with David Letterman, 2. late night football or, 3. a late night dip in the pool.

Day 4

Same as day 1 with less energy. All in all, this trip proved that Boston has great food.

Mike Manchester

ATHLETIC BANQUET



Mr. Morgan and Matthew Kelly sharing a Ginger Ale.



Mr. Stein and John enjoying the reception.



Mr. Ackley, co-host, and Cam Sievert, guest speaker nervously awaiting their chance to speak.



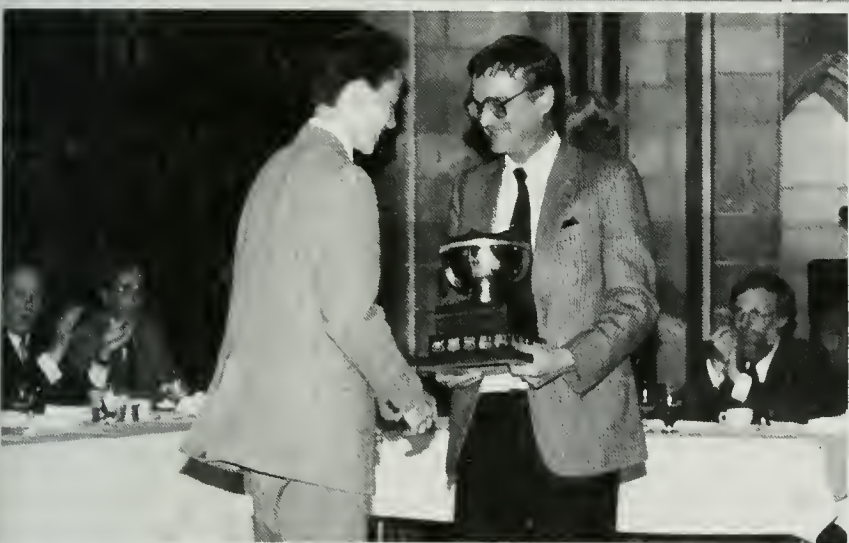
Matt Norton, third guest speaker, compares notes with Masters-of-Ceremonies Blake Turvey and André Brewster.



Anthony Alexiou, second guest speaker, receiving the Junior School basketball trophy.



Mr. Keenan, Coach of the Year, presents the Edward Assaf Memorial Award to Chris Yelle.



Mr. Love presenting the J.S. Robinson Trophy to the best athlete in grade 9, Julian Thornbury.

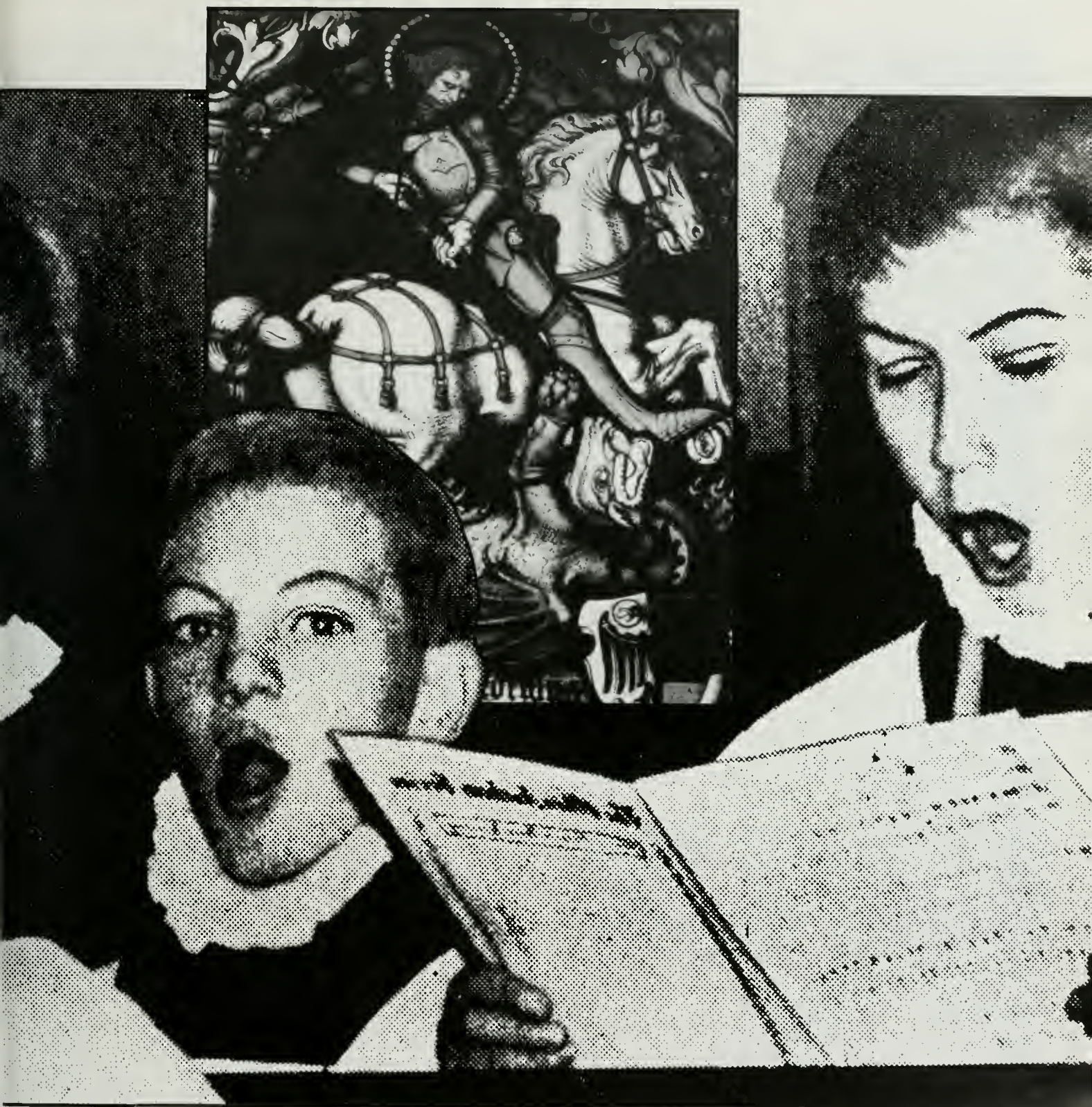


Mr. Ron Thornbury accepts the Athletic Director's Award from Mr. Dunkley.



I.S.A.A. championship Basketball Team.





CLUB, ETC.

YEARBOOK



Back row: C. Nordin, A. Bennett, I. Bonneycastle.
Middle row: G. Tom, R. West, G. Smith, Mrs. McRory.
Front: T. Magee



AYI! O! Shake Your Foundations!
Malcom Young / Angus Young / Bon Scott.

There is a specter haunting St. George's, the specter of the Yearbook. The Yearbook is an interesting organization. Not really a club, not quite an autonomous collective, it is instead a series of dubious inter-personal relationships that somehow produce the tome you are reading now.

The Yearbook member is a rare and bizarre breed. Most members show up at least once a week and work on pages, lay-outs and photo-composition. Most of these guys are that unusual combination of the motivated and the publicity shy that inhabits the "back rooms" of the world's political campaigns. Each is unique. In a way they do not seem to be team players, and yet they work as a team. If you've ever seen the film the Dirty Dozen, then you'll know what I mean.

The History of the Yearbook is a long and proud one, with many juicy bits in the middle. Begun in 1945 as a branch of the University of Alberta Faculty of Education, it became independent in 1966. Affiliates of this group include Medicine Hat College and Mount Royal College in Calgary. Special Programs include agreements with the Rothney Astronomical Observatory and Native students' services programmes. Research institutes include The Arctic Institute of North America and The Kananaskis Centre for Environmental Research. A tradition to be proud of, for sure.

When the historians look back at the epoch that was

1989/1990, they will recognize that the most important event of the era was the ascension to power of The Dominatrix, Frau McRory, and her sidekick, Poncho Gordo.

What makes the yearbook tick? Well, Cotton and Rayon are most commonly dyed in immersion of the fibres in a solution of direct dye's using an electrolyte such as common salt and boiling. The affinity in this case may be the result of hydrogen bonding of areas in the dye molecule to hydroxyl groups in the cellulose. Then a so called Diazo salt is added and an insoluble pigment forms within the fibre. Add a few pictures and your cookin'.

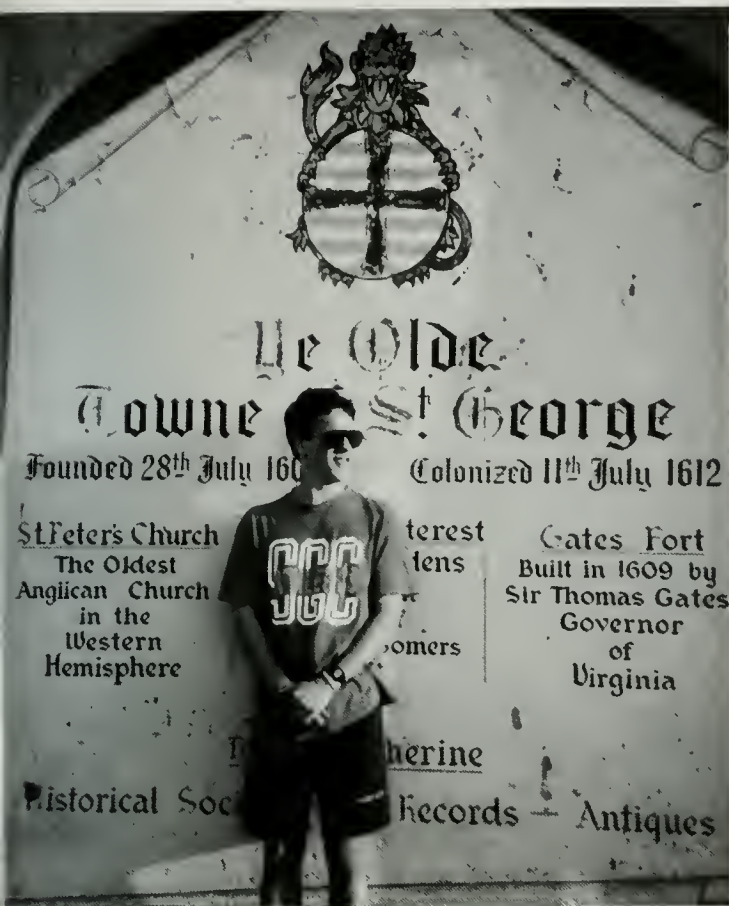
From assembly, to the library. From the office of the Head Master, to the shores of Tripoli, the Yearbook is working, Working Hard, DAMN HARD! SO DAMN HARD YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY IMAGINE!! And in the words of the immortal and Fuzzy Headed Lyle Lovette:

If Ford is to Chrysler,
What Rice Crispies is to Corn Flakes,
What Neil Armstrong is to West Germany,
Then how can you say we're not made for each other.

A.A. Geoffrey Browne

YEARBOOK ON HOLIDAY

OR HOW IAN SPENT HIS VACATION



A CHOIR



Choir members: M. Chudy, K. Giallonardo, P. Labancz, P. McCague, S. Pratt, M. Robinson, M. Wilkinson, T. Armstrong, D. Dewees, A. Duncan, A. Godden, R. AcAuliffe, M. McCabe, A. Austin, B. Carr, M. Chubb, M. Hall, K. Lo, T. Simpkins, D. Vaillancourt, N. Wilkinson, S. Yelle, P. Altimas, H. Boshier, C. De Kerckhove, G. Loveland, J. Miller, A. Neelands, T. Reibetanz.

B CHOIR



Choir members: G. Bee, B. Bieberstein, M. Carmichael, M. Jessop, S. McMaster, M. Morden, I. Roberts, A. Robinson, T. Schroeder, V. To, J. Walker, G. Wright.

SERVERS' GUILD

'THE GOD SQUAD'



Back row: A. Ferns, G. Smith, D. von Teichman, M. Holownych, Fr. Hill.
Front row: C. Watson, M. Magee, G. Browne, A. Stork, T. Magee.
Absent: C. Nordin, A. Smith, D. Armstrong.

"Every man thinks God is on his side.
The rich and powerful know He is."
- Jean Anouilh

Since the school first opened over 25 years ago, the Servers' Guild has played an integral role in the spiritual world of St. George's College. In its history as the oldest non-academic, extracurricular institution well over 200 boys and men have worn the vestments of the Guild. It demonstrates a tradition, and tradition upon which the school is founded.

This year was no different. Along with the regular number of 30 odd weekly services, the Guild participated in six full choral eucharists and at Father Peter's Wednesday morning services. The year was highlighted by the annual Christmas carol service at St. James Cathedral, and also by the Service of Rededication. Twelve members of the Guild participated in this service commemorating the first 25 years of St. George's College. We were joined in this service by former Guild member Gordon Patterson who aided in the processional.

A great deal of thanks is owed to Father Peter who made this a little more tolerable than expected. To Des and Geoff, I thank you for your help and friendship. To the 'rookies', thanks for showing up and not playing with the tassels. Best wishes for the future.

Gordon Smith
Head Server, 1990



SGC PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING UNION



Club members: C. Sievert, C. Sayers, G. Smith, A. Zafar, A. Bennett, S. McLain, R. Brown, C. Watson, G. Browne, D. Brunelle-Derome, A. Duprey.

Ashbury began it. A second place at the Fulford Tournament ended it. It was another successful year at St. George's College Debating and Public Speaking Union. Every week was filled with a busy schedule of upcoming events and infamous meetings in Room 5 at lunch. There was another annual St. George's College Challenge Saucer. This two day extravaganza of public speaking and debating was well attended by supportive students and staff. This must not pass without a grateful note of thanks to Mrs. Miller, our eager and new staff representative.

At the end of February, Chris Sievert, Geoff Browne, Brandon Loughridge, Gordon Smith, and Andrew Bennett participated in the North American Model UN as the Cuban delegations. Armed with cigars, propaganda and a strong, strong Cuban national feeling (there are no ducks in Cuba you know), they, but most particularly the biggest show-off Geoff Browne, distinguished themselves as hopeful revolutionaries.

Alexis Duprey, Tim Sullivan, and Aazar Zafar were the S.G.C. delegation at S.O.M.A. They were representing Mexico. They had superior sponsorship and wise guidance from the NAMUN delegation.

Finally, the fountain must not be left out. This period piece of modern art was to be unveiled on the front lawn of the Howland address. Unfortunately, it was demolished when it fell off the flatbed transport just west of London! Tragedy!

Chris Sievert
Head, S.G.C. debating

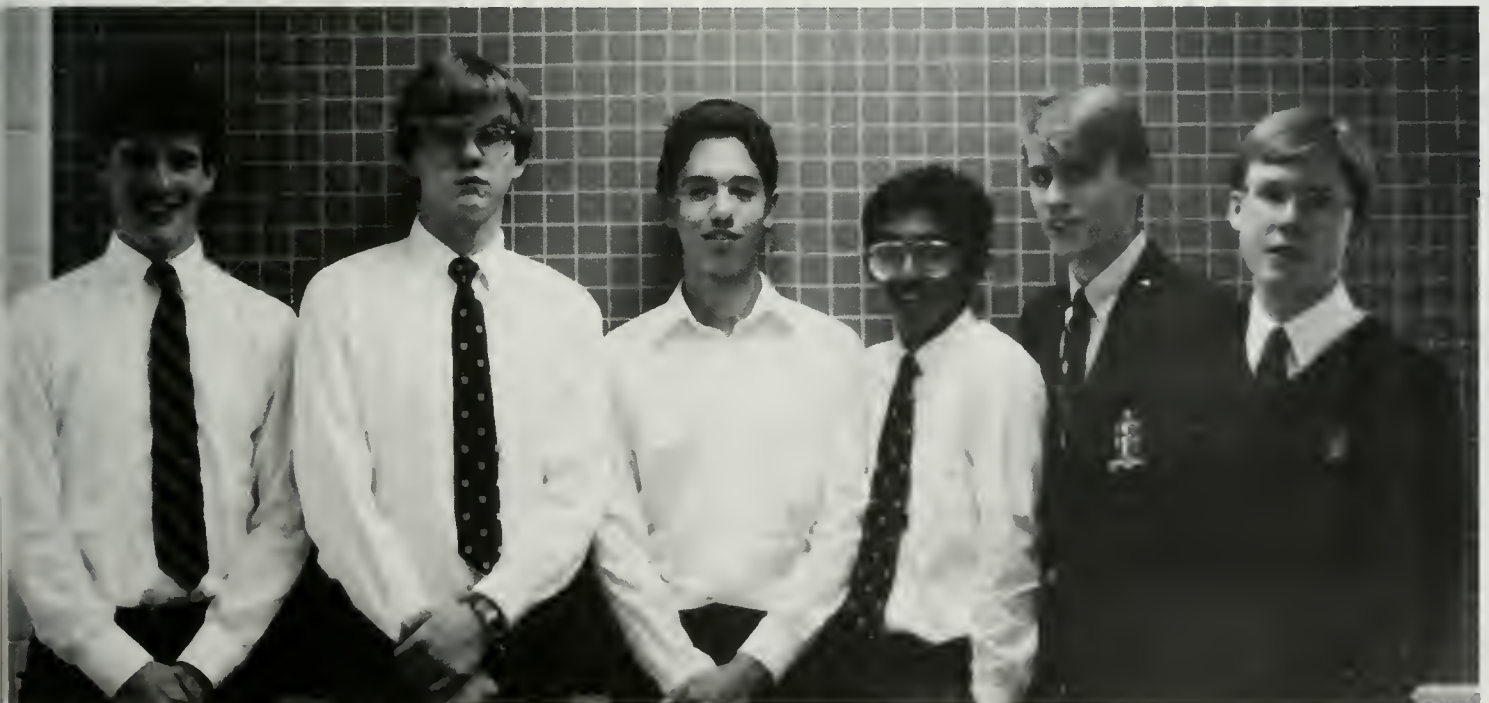


N.A.M.U.N.



Mrs. McRory, Mr. Love, Ch. Sievert, B. Loughridge, Cuban Consul General, A. Bennett, G. Browne, G. Smith, Mrs. Miller.

S.O.M.A.



A. Bennett, T. Sullivan, A. Duprey, A. Zafar, G. Smith, C. Sayers.

BOOK STORE



Gordon Smith and Chris Watchorn, winners of the David S. Bourne Memorial Employee of the Year award.

Runners up: Sam Monardo, Craig Mason, Marcus Andrews, Vitas Sipelis, Michael Szummer.

'I accepted the invitation, interpreting it as a challenge. And I sallied forth into battle, a battle in which I lost the fortune left to me by my grandfather Ceferino, the Grocer, but in which she awarded me a distinction, whose indelible mark I have born ever since. Now in the blood coursing through my Iberian veins.'

- Selected from IDYLL by Ramon Ruberia

For the staff of the St. George's College book store, this past year was one of transition and change, and challenge to be taken up. The year started out much in the tradition of the preceding days. Once again we returned to school in the fleeting days of August to prepare for the onrush of eager Georgians returning to purchase their texts and notebooks. Following this period of productivity and sales, the staff adjusted to the rou-

tine of Autumn retail. However, the new year brought new horizons to the organization as the bookstore also became an office and photocopying room. The organization adapted to these new measures, taking their responsibility in stride. Vacuuming became for some, and personal favourite, while for others, correlation took on its own special meaning. Yet we persevered and somehow survived. Next year, the staff plans to unionize, forming Local 147 of the UAW. Thanks to the entire staff, Mr. McMaster, Mr. Happy, and the whole gang. It's been good.

-- Gordon Smith
Bookstore Manager 1990

THE PUB CLUB



The Pub Club's new scenic headquarters in fashionable Rockcliffe, Ontario.

Press Release: Artists and Artisans
Weekly, June 31st, 1990

...The Federal Government announced today its long-term plan for federal funding of the Arts over the next decade. Amongst the recipients of \$50,000 grants were The Mila Mulroney School of Interior Design, the Iron Ore of Canada Chamber Ensemble, the Department of Paper Maché at Laval University and the Ballet Internationale du Baie Comeau. Also under the new plan, a Toronto based marketing and publicity organization, THE PUB CLUB, will receive \$86 million over the next two years. This will be used to study Canadian cultural content in broadcasting. Chaired by Mr. G. Smith, a resident of one of Canada's exclusive communities, fashionable and scenic Mississauga, this body will also receive new office facilities in Rockcliffe Park, within easy access of both 24 Sussex Drive and the Parliament buildings. The new facilities were opened last evening at a \$2,000 a plate gala dinner attended by many notable dignitaries, famous people, respected celebrities and also Brian Mulroney...



Celebrants at the gala-opening of the new headquarters.

AFTER DARK CINEMA



Club members: M. Aaronson, R. Kennedy, J. Davis, T. Magee, C. Piller, C. Watson, D. Sterin.

Well, the members of the After Dark Cinema Club have taken a lot of in their first year. Our original president quit early in the year to pursue other including visiting everyday at lunch and a collage of various types of Chia pets. We were nearly shut down by Mr. Pengally after the mysterious affair of the scene during a quick re-cap of Hot Dog - The Movie, led to a massive in Mr. Rankin's room. And we were badly received at every assembly after our Ex-Publicity manager Matthew for Brains' Aaronson thought up the ' ' idea to have a joint with Andrew Ferns and his beloved retainers.

Anyway, we got through it all and we present the members of the After Dark Cinema Club:

Founder - Timothy 'Dan O'Callahan' Magee

President - Matthew 'Harkin Banks' Aaronson

Vice-President - Colin 'Squirrel Murphy' Watson

Video Pirate, Technical Manager and Demi - - Rob 'Sunny' Kenedi

Honorary Token - Joel 'Fergie' Davis

Public Relations Man - Chris 'Munroe' Piller

Our movies were well received, especially Hot Dog, the Naked Gun and UHF. Unfortunately, we are disbanding next year. Rob Kenedi is in a mental hospital and the doctors are still trying to make him stop saying 'Robbie, let me tell you something Robbie.'

Special thanks to Mr. E. Timm, Mike Holonych for supplying the magazines at intermission, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Cooper, Jonathon Dodson, Dan O'Callahan, Bijal Bhatt and Gordon Smith.

CAMERA CLUB



Club members: C. Piller, J. McClelland, A. Stork, C. Watson, W. McGuigan.



This was another successful year for the camera club. We covered all sorts of events ranging from debating tournaments to Autumn Games. The club offered the students an introduction to sports journalism and darkroom techniques. The club also offers a negotiating team, valuable in a hostage situation or when trying to get out of a T.C.S. soccer assignment.

Between the rained-out track meets and all the free donuts, it was a great year.

John McClelland



GO CLUB



Club members: J. Caplan, C. Sayers, M. Blanchette.

A long time aGO in a room far, far away,
a wacky French teacher / martial arts
master / hater of Meech Lake had a
dream: that one day no go player would
be wheeled into emergency after acci-
dentally ingesting shiny ceramic
sheroids / disks / little game pieces.
Since the laws of physics don't apply (or
maybe we've forgotten them) we'll have
to keep playing, at the risk of death (or
communist internment).



NORVAL



THE TECHNICAL CREW



Crew members: B. Carr, C. Piller, D. Boyd, J. Press, G. Smith, D. Bentley-Taylor, I. Bonnycastle, K. Thomson, N. McCabe, Mr. Pederson, A. Stork.
A.W.O.L.: R. Benson, A. Duprey, A. Prior, C. Watson.

'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women are merely players...'

--Bill Shakespeare

Techies, where are they now?

Brian 'Girls, where?' Carr --

'Acting in an off-Broadway production of his one man show, Short Guys Are Hip'

Chris Piller --

'Vice Assistant Stage Manager of the tech crew, finally.'

Daryl 'Techno-nerd' Boyd --

'Super roadie for the Leather Nun
'Pelvic Heat, World Tour '90'

Jamie Press --

'Now running his own hair salon'

Gordon 'Power-Brokers' Smith --

'Turned 'Waiting For Godot' into bawdy musical comedy.'

David Bentley-Taylor --

'Last seen borrowing money from a large guy named Guido on Yonge Street.'

Ian 'Casa de' Bonnycastle --

'Sold off IBM after a corporate takeover raid, used profits to finance the tech crew's new backstage hot tub and sauna.'

Kevin Thomson --

'Expelled from St. George's College after wiring the staff room and selling the tapes.'

Nick McCabe --

'Presently in court fighting law suit for infringement on the Monty Python copy right.'

Mr. Pederson --

'Now producing and directing the new Andrew Lloyd Webber hit 'A Nightmare On Elm Street - the Musical.'

Adam Stork --

'Last seen in the locker room areas of Havergal.'

Thanks for coming out Ryan!

Don't call us, we'll call you.



JUDO CLUB



Club members: C. Watson, J. Davis, M. Aaronson, J. Press, E. Chan, J. King, Mr. Paulin.



This year Mr. Paulin decided for the first time in St. George's history to have a judo club. Every Monday and Wednesday throughout the third term we cleared the desks in Room 10 and laid down the mats. We had to warm up and then the action started. We got to throw classmates around but I think the most fun was getting to throw Mr. Paulin over my hip like a sack of potatoes. Overall everyone enjoyed it and we'll be back next year!

Special thanks go to Mr. Rankin for letting us use his room.

Colin Watson

COMMUNITY SERVICE



FESTIVAL OF ORIGINAL STUDENT MUSIC



Cast of Beowulf.

Last February, young composers had the opportunity to have their compositions heard by their peers and to hear the original work of others at the fourth annual Festival of Original Student Music. The festival was organized by Saint George's College, in collaboration with the Canadian Music Centre and the University of Toronto Schools. St. George's contributions were 'Beowulf' which received a loud outburst of applause, a very interesting and rhythmically lyrical piano piece by Tim Corlis, and a fine sax duet by Rajiv Chopra which he and Mr. Martin performed.

The professional world of composers was represented by array music, which has performed at the Athens Festival and the groups' artistic director, Linda Smith, who discussed the students' compositions as well as demonstrating her own compositional technique.

Two music stores, Long & McQuade and Saved By Technology demonstrated the Atari Notatro, a 64 track digital recorder which allows the musician, while performing on the keyboard, to see his music displayed on the screen in real time, to record the music and to print it.



Rajiv Chopra and his teacher Mr. Martin playing 'Westwind'.

SENIOR BAND



Back row: P. Andras, G. Browne, F. Satchu, A. Macanuel, I. Miller, Mr. Martin.
 Middle row: D. Lindberg, K. Lint, A. Sambhi, J. Caplan, E. Poon, R. Strebel, M. Hamilton, T. Corlis, J. Leung, H. Lee, R. Chopra, M. Holownych.
 Front row: C. Watson, L. MacKinnon-Patterson, E. Chan, M. Andrews, B. Sinclair, A. Bain, M. Aaronson, W. McGuigan, D. Simoncic, J. King.

A BAND



Back row: J. Stacy, D. Reid, K. Lakha, D. McLorie, E. Tsang, J. Damanis, P. Bedard, Mr. Wade-West, G. Golding.
 Middle row: A. Holownych, G. Mariani, B. Cragg, J. Creed, P. Hardie, G. Bellingham, N. Boyce, A. Teichman.
 Front row: G. Karout, E. Ayoub, M. Ho, A. duToit, C. Carter, T. Keele, A. Alexiou.

B BAND



Back row: T. Ugur, T. Gibbons, A. Carter, B. Carter, G. Bassel, C. Torcat, G. Barnett, C. Lawrence, Mr. Leatch.
Middle row: D. Kircher, J. Golding, J. Burul, M. Kelly, C. Marshall, J. Creed, J. Frawley, A. Marok, J. Videbak.
Front row: E. Schwartz, I. McGuigan, J. Kennedy, A. Miller, M. Rubinoff, T. Boyce, C. Warne.

C BAND



Back row: B. Ghotb, D. Needham, J. Pennel, Mr. Martin.
Middle row: A. Powadiuk, D. Briganti, D. Sternberg, J. Sedgwick, D. McNamara, T. Pacaud, D. Diebes, C. Finlayson, R. Watt, J. Burnett, J. Bunting, L. Gass-Donnelly, C. Peters, C. George, S. Burnett, P. King.
Front row: A. Moniz-Brown, A. Sjogren, A. Blanchette, A. Thompson, C. Sclater, C. Begg, C. Remerowski.





ART. + LIT.

HEADING FOR A SLAP

It was a beautiful day until my headmaster implied that my pants needed ironing by saying, "Jason, you look great from the waist up." That was all I needed to make my day one not worth living. It was as if my unironed pants implied that I had a lack of respect for my appearance, and I made it a point that I would iron my pants everyday for the rest of the year. Fortunately, Mr. Latimar's objective point of view about my appearance was that he knew from experience that he would not see me in this state again. Unfortunately, many of the other teachers were subjective in their views, and felt that I should be sent home to get my pants ironed. It was at that moment that I decided to use a neologism to explain my horrible situation. I told the teachers I was "deadsleeperly" and could not have functioned as my normal self in that condition. They believed me, since there was a certain negative connotation associated with the word I had created. Fortunately, the denotation of "kind" suggests "teachers who let things slide once in and a while."

When I finally got home from school, I sat down in front of the television and relaxed for awhile. It was then that I

experienced the illusion that the television had turned into a massive steaming iron, heading straight for my legs. Within three seconds the iron had disappeared: I was relieved beyond belief. Perhaps I had the illusion because I was under the delusion that I could once again get through a day of school without ironing my pants. Needless to say, I proceeded to iron my pants right there and then.

I find it unfortunate that there should be a dichotomy between the words "discipline" and "relaxed", in a school environment. It would be much easier to combine the two in order to make life fun (to a certain degree) at school.

Discipline is such a big thing at our school that the words "Discipline is a Virtue" are written on a vase that stands in the cabinet of the west hallway by the offices. It seems fitting that someone should have written those words on an ugly, misshapen vase that has no aesthetic appeal to anybody. However, those words have become a big part of our lives at St. Gregory's.

That same day, the headmaster, in a speech during assembly, alluded to sharper disciplinary actions being taken against those caught doing any-

thing wrong. Many of my friends eluded the issue altogether since they found it necessary to have a cigarette. Hopefully, they didn't get caught, but I have a funny feeling that they did. As I walked past the headmaster's office, I noticed that they were all there. They must have been caught during assembly, and were probably sent immediately over to his office. Unfortunately, the headmaster had a certain amount of apathy in the tone of his voice. I had empathy for the miscreants since I had been in a similar situation a few days earlier. I felt sympathy for them when he proceeded to slap each of them in the face. It was definitely not a humane thing to do! In fact, this type of disciplinary measure, in my opinion, amounted to putting a perjorative label on the type of school we were going to. After further thought I decided to enter the room. Unfortunately, this action brought us all farther away from safety, and also got me a slap in the face. I looked at my friends, and then at Mr. Latimar; it was evident by the looks on their faces that this was the beginning of a very long and possibly painful year...

by Jason Start

THE LAST DRAG

After
 the last drag I
 noticed a painting hanging
 on the wall of the pink
 room with neutral carpeting of a
dog
 flying over Kapuskasing while
 chewing some bubble gum and
 blowing into a saxophone with
 smoke coming from
 it and I
thought how
 fake it was...
DOGS DON'T CHEW GUM

Rajiv Chopra

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE

Ruthless men who killed and sacked
Barbarian armies kindled.
They, Byzantium's land attacked
And so the empire dwindled.

In the capital, a raid
did mercilessly plunder.
Latins on their "false" crusade
The empire threw asunder.

Rebels managed to expell
Control by France and Venice.
But Byzantines could not repel
The growing Turkish menace.

The impenetrable walls
Delayed the Turkish people.
But with guns the city falls;
Great Constantinople.

Scientific thought took birth
by cultured scholars fleeing west
Man explored and sailed the earth
Thanks to Byzantium's conquest.

Charles de Kerckhove Varent
Puer Nobis Nascitur, a 15th century
carol tune.

A SUBWAY RIDE HOME

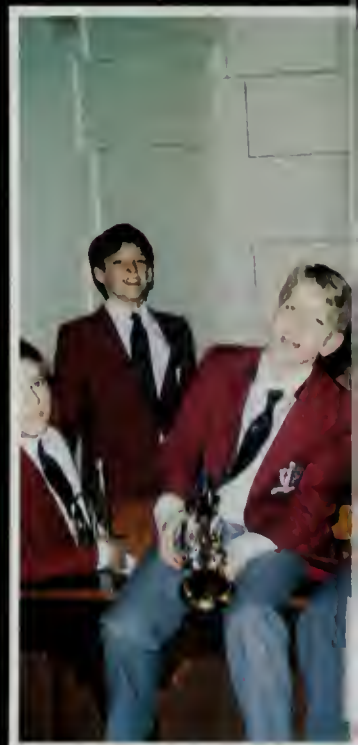
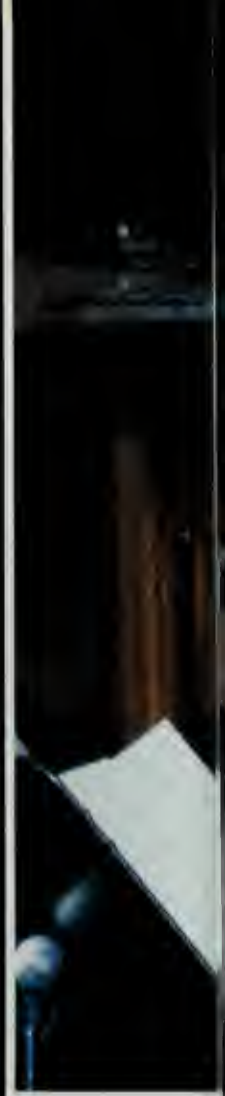
On the way home,
between Old Mill
and Royal York,
I saw
my pet turtle,
Dan O'Callahan,
eat
a purple squirrel.

AMAZING BOB'S REVENGE

When we last left our hero, he had just saved SGC from total destruction. Reveling in this victory, he started walking down the hall when he saw a door. Bob got curious, so he opened the door. Behind it was the inner depths of hell. Flame jumped off the walls, ninjas jumped around throwing ninja stars, and people were lowered into vats of boiling oil. Bob thought this was kind of neat, so he went in. Once he went through the door, the door slammed, and he was grabbed by ninjas that all looked just like Punky Brewster. They said "We must

take you to our leader." The ninjas took him to a large conference hall. At the end of the hall sat Tom Wu. He said to Bob, "You must take my seminar!" Bob realized he could become a graduate of Tom's School of Money and Power. But then he realized what a money grumbling scum Tom was, so he took out a missile launcher and blew his head off. Suddenly, just before all the Punky Brewster ninjas killed Bob, a mystical portal appeared, and Bob jumped in it. He appeared at the Fire Pit, and decided to have a burger and beer.

By: Mark Magee





REMAIN SANE

I see
dogs driving cars,

but it don't bother me.

I see
an elephant shopping

but it don't bother me.

I see
a pig cleaning windows

but it don't bother me.

I see
a horse on a skateboard

but it don't bother me.

I see
humans in cages

but it don't bother me.

I see
a chicken foot
where my feet used to be.

Chris Godden

A WINTER NIGHT

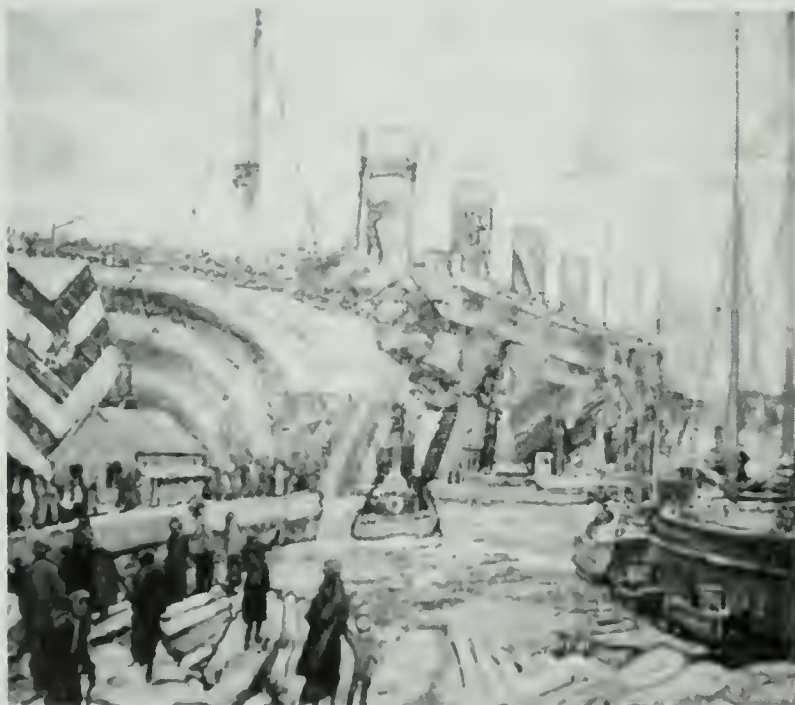
The night of winter
Is a frosty silence
That is broken
By the distant wail
Of a wounded animal.

The glowing moon
Is a brilliant light;
And the distant stars
Are the mystic guides
For the lone traveller.

The branches of trees sway
In the cool night breeze;
And the gently falling snow
Is quickly blown away
Like memories gone.

The rising smoke
From a desolate cabin
Is a beacon of hope
For that lone traveller,
Who continues on.

Anthony Lo



TWILIGHT OF LEARNING

Splashing through the puddles, Paul meandered his way to the corner. The drops that fell were of medium size, making tiny liquid explosions on impact with the solid ground. It was night time and the street lights shed their hollow glow over the avenue. Normally, Courtridge Ave. had many cars speeding to and from various destinations throughout Houston, but not at this hour. It was 2:30 a.m., and the street was nearly deserted. Paul was returning from a bar at Third and Courtridge. He had been walking for about five minutes in the rain and his straight black hair was matted against his head. The drops were falling harder now. Thumping against his skull. He was mildly intoxicated but not drunk. Usually he hated walking home in this weather, but tonight, the hot air and cool drops seemed to nullify each other's effects, making the temperature perfect. His white shirt stuck to his skin, especially on his shoulders. He liked it.

Paul decided to take advantage of this rare opportunity. He walked unconcerned in the middle of the road, laughing to himself mischievously. It had been his twenty-third birthday the day before, but he didn't tell anyone. He preferred to keep such matters private. Besides, no one would have done anything about it anyway. His family didn't know where he was after he got out of the penitentiary. They didn't want to see him. A tear dropped from his glazed eyes. He could cry in public, for the rain camouflaged his anguish. He was so depressed, so sad. Didn't anyone care? Would he have to call people to get them to wish him "happy birthday"?

So entranced by his thought was Paul that he didn't notice the car racing toward him. So inebriated was the driver that he didn't notice the road in front of him. The noise got louder and louder, the tires beating the road with a dull spin. Paul looked up. Bright headlights were glaring in his eyes. The car couldn't have been more than fifty meters away. It was getting bigger, the lights more intense than ever. He stopped. His heart rushed with adrenaline. He couldn't think, his mind was so clouded. Surely the driver would swerve in time. He couldn't just run him over. Ten meters away, the car seemed completely unaware of his existence. He turned and pushed the ground with his legs, shooting his body forward. He slipped on the wet surface, slapping the ground. His white shirt was dirty now.

Paul didn't open his eyes. They seemed to be open already. He didn't move or think about his situation, for it seemed as though such a thought would be impossible. A deep purple pulse surrounded him. The glow was not intense or even disturbing, but rather sent a

euphoric sensation around his body. He pondered nothing, his mind felt like it was floating in the free space of a heroin-like substance, numbing his brain. He was at peace, totally content with his new atmosphere.

A pure white orb of a glowing electric mass floated into his field of vision. Two rods slowly penetrated the surface of the sphere and extended crookedly on either side of it. Slowly they took form, while he watched with intrigued attention. He was not afraid, nor did any fear even enter his pattern of thought. This was too incredible. Phantasmal. The rods stretched out further, like branches growing from a tree in time-lapsed photography. They slowly approached each other, like arms on a magical clock, moving in both clockwise and counter-clockwise directions. They overlapped each other, causing a burst of explosive white light, twitching his body with a sensation of pleasure that he had never before experienced. They moved faster and faster, each time on impact, the burst mesmerized him. His being was in a state of orgasmic pleasure. How long could he feel this good? This ecstasy. He screamed with delight! He felt he was filling the universe with his pleasure. They moved so quickly, that the arms were now indistinguishable from the orb.

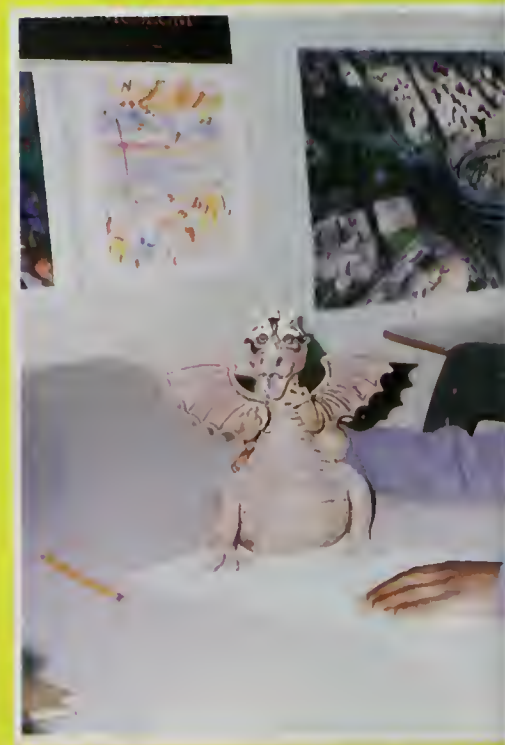
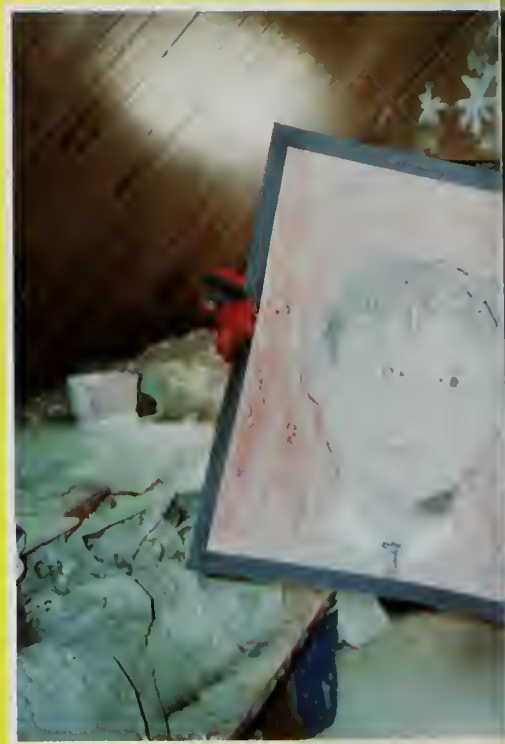
They slowed down, teasing him now with their pulsing. Then stopped. The arms re-entered the surface, and the globe slowly imploded. What had happened? Where was he? What was his purpose? These questions were so familiar to him. They were the ones first posed by the Greeks in years of old. The first nation to question their reason for being. He had been thrust into a new world. A new realm. He was like a child, first born in the world. But this was no world he could ever have imagined. It was not frightening in itself, for it had just given him pleasure of an intensity which reached levels of hyperconsciousness. But why then was fear creeping up on him. He had to have the answers to his questions. He was dead or comatose. He knew not which. He remembered the walk on the road, and the car. Then immediately, he was here. But where was here? A new place, one of the dead. It would be a place to overcome and dominate. Or would it be a place of paradisaal life?

He reasoned that he was dead, for a comatose state would be far too difficult for him to think about now. He didn't want to awaken from this state. If he did, the depression would overwhelm him. Suddenly, it occurred to Paul that he should get up and walk around. He lifted his torso to find that he had none. He wiggled his fingers, but to no response. He had no body. He laughed, amused by his new state of being. He tried to talk, and heard an echoing voice, "I am Paul Alexander Dietrich. I live...lived in Houston

Texas... Is anyone there?" He awaited a response. There wasn't one in a vocal form, but rather a warmth surrounded him. The purple pulsed stronger, seemingly in recognition of his existence and responding to what he had said. But what was the pulse saying? He could hear the words of an Oriental language being chanted, then Arabic, Old English backwards, modern English, all in what he assumed prayer. He could make each of them out completely clearly, and distinctly. He could understand them too. When he thought of a specific language, he could see those in prayer as though he was actually with them. The Tibetan Buddhist lamas kneeled in the lotus position, intoxicated by their deep meditation, the thick ashen smoke trails of incense, clouding the temple in darkness. They were instructing the dead on how to get to paradise. He listened carefully. The Arab, standing in the bell tower of a minaret, swaying in concentration. He was concerned only with his praise of Allah, and the pleas for good blessings for the townspeople. The Satanists chanted the Lord's prayer backwards, all cloaked in dark brown monks' robes. Paul recognized a prominent businessman in the U.S., and a senator. They started to ask Satan for more power. They demanded that he rise from the depths of Hell to control what was rightfully his. Then to share that with them, because they had been his lawful servants on earth. And finally, the Christians. They were Anglicans in a Sunday service. They were singing a hymn. It was about the goodness of God. His pure Good, unadulterated by any Evil. They wanted to get into heaven when they died, but half of them didn't even know what they were singing about. Hypocrites. Destroy and exploit in business, and then pray on Sunday. Paul was disgusted.

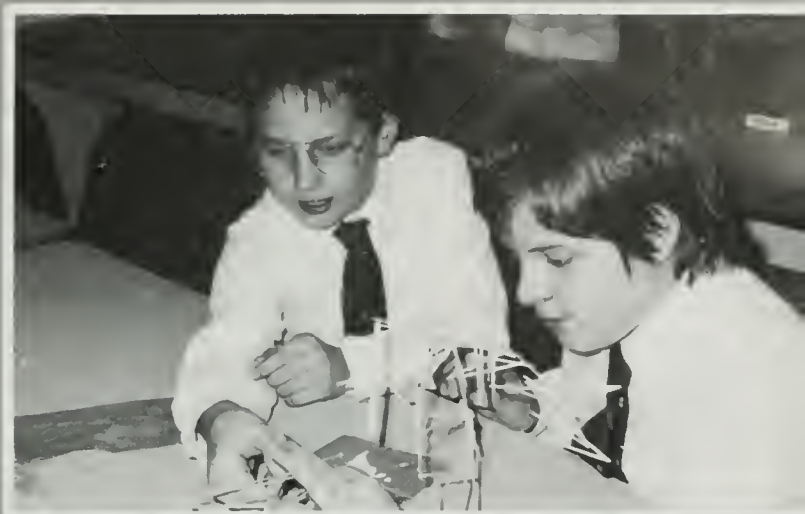
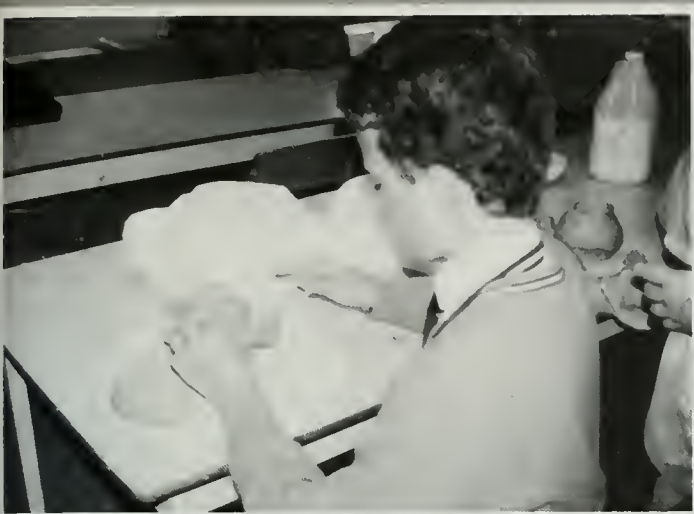
A vortex interrupted his visions. The images where sucked into the centre. The cone dominated everything he could see. It was coloured in bands, pure and intense. They circled down into the abyss of suction. It was like a massive toilet, flushing the religion of the world down into it. The irony of it all. They worship, all useless in their glamour or meekness. The vortex disappeared, and Paul was left alone, content, for now, in the pulsing purple atmosphere, then to share that with them, because they had been his lawful servants on earth. And finally, the Christians. They were Anglicans in a Sunday service. They were singing a hymn. It was about the goodness of God. His pure Good, unadulterated by any Evil. They wanted to get into heaven when they died, but half of them didn't even know what they were singing about. Hypocrites. Destroy and exploit in business, and then pray on Sunday. Paul was disgusted.

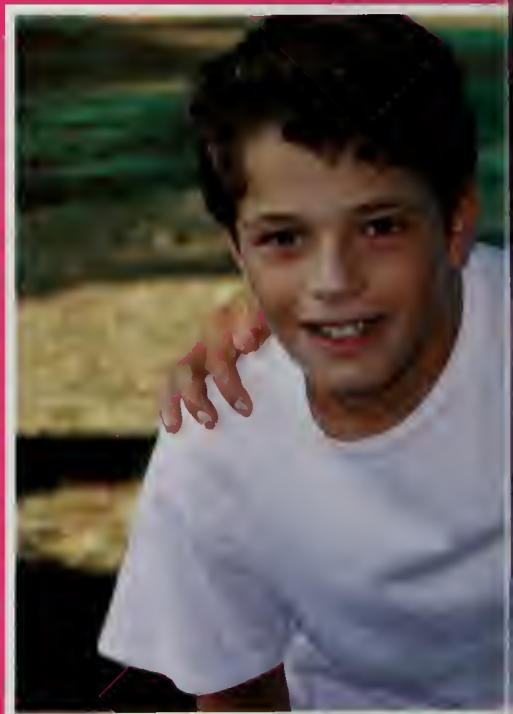
By: Adrian Colussi















Elwin Leung
Joshua Aaronson
Graham Wright
Taylor Armstrong
David Vaillancourt
Eric Tsang
Karim Lakha
Scott Yelle
Tim Reibetanz
Brian Carr
Christopher Lawrence
Michael Kelly
Graham Wright
Liam O'Brien
Peter Levine
Adam Culliford

SENIOR SCHOOL FINAL ASSEMBLY



Grade 9 Cayley Math Contest
Grade 10 Fermat Math Contest
Grade 12 Euclid Math Contest
Jock Armitage Sr. Math Prize
Computer Science Award

Junior Science Award
Intermediate Science Award
J.C. Wheeler Cup Science Award
Intermediate Economics Award
Senior Economics Award
Junior Geography Award
Senior Geography Award
Junior History Award
Intermediate History Award
Senior History Award
Intermediate English Award
Senior English Award
Latin Award
Intermediate French Award
Senior French Award

German Award
Junior Art Award
Senior Art Award
Best Supporting Actor in a musical
Best Actor in a musical

Best Actor
Best Supporting Actor
Achievement Award
Junior Vocalist
Intermediate Vocalist
Senior Vocalist
Intermediate Instrumentalist
Senior Instrumentalist
Acolyte Award
Community Services Award

Peter Andrikopoulos
Craig Mason
Jeremy Caplan
Martin Cheang
Dean Davis
Tim Corlis
Rajiv Chopra
Jeremy Caplan
Alex Cann
David Armstrong
Alex Cann
Christian Nordin
Mark Thompson
Alex Evis
Michael Blanchette
Gordon Smith
Daragh Sankey
Matt Norton
Robin West
Michael Szummer
Chris Sievert
Geoff Browne
Bruce Sinclair
Nicholas McCabe
Scott Herron
Tim Sullivan
Jamie Press
Philip Pace
Adam Hess
Gordon Macey
Gordon Smith
Nick Robbins
Alex Dobson
Chris Yelle
Marcus Andrews
Martin Shaw
Gordon Smith
Alex Evis







GRADUATION AND PRIZE DAY



JUNIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

G.R. Jameson Trophy
H.S. Marion Award
The L.B.J. Rothwell Award
The Robert Bradley Memorial Award
Ladies Guild Instrumental Music Award
The Andrew Pace Award
The Junior Georgian Trophy

Alexander Duncan
David Vaillancourt
Austin Carter
Hal Boshier
Edward Ayoub
Christopher Yelle
Scott Yelle



SENIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

The Ladies' Guild Trophy
The Marion McDowell Trophy
The J.L. Bradley Music Award
The Andrew Drillis Scholarship
The J.L. Wright House Trophy
The W.P. Gilbride Trophy
The Wynn Butterworth Medal
The Chairman's Medal
The Headmaster's Medal
The Lieutenant Governor's Medal
The Governor-General's Medal
The J.L. Wright Medal

Blake Turvey
Kyle Roberts
Andrew Bennett
Mark Thompson
Westminster House
Gordon Smith
Chris Yelle
Gordon Smith
Rajiv Chopra
Matthew Norton
Doug Bowlby
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If you thought SGC was just for boys, guess again! The SGC Ladies' Guild is almost as old as SGC itself. Our organization celebrates its 25th Anniversary this year. The primary objective of the Guild is to give the SGC that 'little extra' - to help with the funding for some College's programmes and bursaries and to help with the hosting of events such as debating tournaments and conferences. We appreciate your support of our efforts such as the Christmas poinsettia sale and the Spring flower sale.

A secondary objective is to provide a channel of communication between families, staff and SGC administration. For example, this year we hosted a mothers' coffee party, a new parents' reception and dinner for mothers of new boys. Other events included a St. George's Day party and receptions for boys and their families on Graduation Day and after Confirmation. We also organize school tours for prospective students.

Each mother of a Georgian is a member of the Guild and receives the privilege of Life Membership when her son graduates. Our organization is therefore larger than many realize and reaches out to the alumni constituency of SGC. A highlight of the 1989-1990 year was October Gala which the Guild helped organize. Looking to the future, we anticipate an increased role in the strategic planning process now being implemented by the Board of Governors. My plan to institute a class mother system will only make us stronger.

Kathy Andersen
Ladies' Guild President 1989-1990



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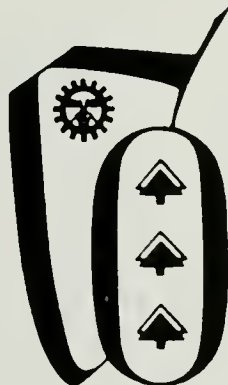
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